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THE FRENCH PAMPHLET ON POLAND.

THE modern French invention of anonymous State Papers has, apparently, been found convenient. If the suggestions of the semi-official writer prove to be popular and successful, the credit accrues to the Government; and, on the other hand, it is easy to disavow any embarrassing pledge or argument. The pamphlet on Poland is one of the ablest of the series, and, to a certain extent, it may be accepted as an accurate exposition of the EMPEROR'S policy, and as a plausible apology both for his past inaction and for his possible future interference. His first object is naturally to satisfy Frenchmen that the solution of the Polish difficulty may be safely entrusted to an Emperor who is incapable of a mistake. Other parts of the pamphlet are addressed to the Poles, to the Russian Government, to England, to Austria, and to Prussia. The adhesion of England and of Austria to the policy of France is skilfully taken for granted, while Prussia is threatened with a repetition of the disasters of Jena. The Poles are reminded that they are not unanimous in their support of the insurrection, and that their measures may already have disconcerted the profound designs of the Emperor NAPOLEON. The French writer disclaims any hostility on the part of France to the Russian Government or nation. As he accurately states, the Crimean war was carefully confined to a limited area, and, as soon as peace was restored, the French Government hastened to renew the most cordial relations with St. Petersburg. It is perfectly true that France afterwards succeeded in concentrating the resentment of Russia on England, and that the peace itself was concluded mainly through the influence of the Emperor NAPOLEON. It is added that the allies deliberately refused to encourage a Polish insurrection in 1854 or 1855; and Russia might perhaps reply that an interference which was regarded as inexpedient and excessive during the war can hardly have become an imperative duty in the midst of profound peace. In the Paris Conference, both England and France accepted Count ORLOFF'S assurance that remonstrances on their part would only interfere with the beneficent designs of the Emperor ALEXANDER; it was difficult to admit more directly that the Russian possession of Poland was regarded as an accomplished and irrevocable result of transactions which were too remote to be reopened. The reasons against attacking Russia on the side of Poland were undoubtedly forcible. It was not for the interest of the Western Powers to alarm Austria into absolute neutrality, and Prussia into open adhesion to the common enemy. It is doubtful, however, whether England or France would, under any circumstances, have adopted a measure which might have indefinitely postponed the conclusion of peace.

Even after the outbreak of the present insurrection, M. BILLAULT disclaimed, on behalf of the Emperor NAPOLEON, any desire to encourage a movement which was stigmatized as revolutionary. The pamphleteer fully proves that Russia has had little reason, thus far, to complain of the unfriendly disposition of France. If he is less successful in explaining the reasons for the subsequent adoption of a more active policy, the growing excitement of the French population may serve as a substitute for argument. The insurrection has partially justified itself by its comparative solidity, and by a duration of six months. Although the Poles have not obtained exclusive possession of a district or of a village, they have succeeded in alarming and disturbing the army of occupation through the wide extent of the territory which they claim as their own. Whatever may be the tendencies of different classes, or of races belonging to disputed nationalities, the Poles who represent the ancient Kingdom, and who have long been recognised by France and Europe as the heirs of the national tradition, are heartily engaged in the contest for the recovery of their lost independence. The revolt has expanded

into a civil war, and foreign Governments are at liberty to consult their own interest and general policy in deciding between strict neutrality and support of the weaker combatant. Although the insurgents have been encouraged to persevere by hopes, if not by promises, of French assistance, the Russian Government is not in possession of the proofs of French complicity. Neither arms nor men have been sent from France to Poland, and the war thus far may be considered as strictly indigenous.

A further reason for interference is, according to the pamphlet, supplied by the wanton cruelty of the Russian Generals and functionaries. The outrages which have been perpetrated by MOURAVIEFF and his accomplices have certainly produced much of the abhorrence with which the Russian cause is regarded, both in England and in France. Confiscation and torture irritate ordinary minds more forcibly than political encroachments or the violation of treaties. To Governments, however, it is less easy to undertake the responsibility of supervising the administration of their neighbours. The diplomatic excommunication of FERDINAND of Naples furnishes an insufficient precedent for the employment of a similar measure against a Power of the first order. It was believed, on sufficient grounds, that the Neapolitan dynasty derived its only support from the countenance and toleration which Foreign Powers accorded to an established Government; and the marked displeasure of England and France was, to some extent, a set-off against the habitual protectorate of Austria over the despotic princes of Italy. It may be added that, except in theory, potentates of different ranks are seldom regarded as strictly equal in the eyes of international law. The cruelties of Russia in Poland have been tolerated for more than one generation, as the persecution of the Hungarians by Austria was endured in 1849. The interests of humanity deserve the most careful consideration, but posterity has not approved the armed protest of Europe against the crimes and anarchy of the French Reign of Terror. The Russians, of course, assert that the supposed excesses are exaggerated, and they will insinuate that their mode of repressing an insurrection concerns themselves alone. In the French pamphlet, the question of humanity is probably used as a supplementary argument in defence of a policy which stands somewhat in need of presentable apologies. The laboured explanation of the right of France to support Poland against Russia forcibly illustrates Prince GORTSCHAKOFF'S inexcusable blunder in rejecting the proposals of the three Powers, and in aggravating the effect of his refusal by the use of provoking and ironical language. It is easier for the French Government to prove that it is unable to stop than to explain the original reasons for moving. The correspondence cannot terminate with a simple acquiescence in a diplomatic affront. The next communication to St. Petersburg will perhaps be less friendly in tone, while in substance it will, in all probability, be more exacting.

Perhaps the most ingenious part of the Imperial pamphlet consists in the calm and courteous assumption that England is as deeply engaged as France in the projected Polish enterprise. It is even asserted that England has nobly gone beyond France in her demands, although the suggestion is complimentary rather to Lord RUSSELL'S literary fertility than to his statesmanlike accuracy in expressing the real intentions of his Government. Austria had, by Count RECHBERG'S last despatch, afforded a still better opportunity for acknowledging her sincerity and zeal. The writer was well advised in devoting his utmost skill to the conversion of a diplomatic co-operation into a definite league. It was in some degree superfluous to recommend the cause of Poland to French sympathies, although it might be desirable to explain and excuse the EMPEROR'S alleged backwardness to act. The Poles, who are entirely dependent on the resolutions of friendly Courts, might have been safely allowed to murmur,

without any answer to their complaints. The formal correspondence contains all the arguments which can advantageously be addressed to Russia; but it was desirable to intimidate Prussia, to encourage Austria, and to identify England with France. It is a curious circumstance that Lord PALMERSTON and Lord RUSSELL have founded their demands on the provisions of the Treaty of Vienna, which the French Government wishes to pass over and to discredit. It is true, however, that England has never explicitly admitted that the affairs of Poland are withdrawn from the cognizance of the European Powers, and Prince GORTSCHAKOFF's rude rebuff has given the Government an unexpected reason for insisting on the exercise of a right which had almost fallen into abeyance. It may be confidently stated that, if the writer of the pamphlet is well informed when he describes the perfect concert of England and France, he must be premature in his description of the warlike measures which are to bring Russia to reason. The English Government has assuredly not arranged, in any possible contingency, to send one fleet to act with the French and Italians in the Black Sea, and another to join the French and Swedes in the Baltic. As both Houses of Parliament, while sympathizing with the cause of Poland, have recently expressed a desire for the maintenance of peace, it is impossible that Lord PALMERSTON can already have anticipated the failure of negotiation so far as to sketch out the plan of a campaign. The French writer probably intends only to persuade hesitating Englishmen that the war, even if it is inevitable, will be restricted to a bloodless and comparatively inexpensive blockade. It would not, however, be satisfactory that English fleets should be engaged in a safe and inglorious duty, while more enterprising allies were reaping a harvest of military fame, and, perhaps, of territorial aggrandizement. If a French despatch had threatened Russia with naval hostilities in which England was to concur, it would have been necessary to protest against the unwarrantable assumption. It is much better, on all accounts, to deal with delicate questions in anonymous pamphlets for which the Emperor NAPOLEON is in no way responsible.

THE CLOSE OF THE ITALIAN SESSION.

ITALY has now got so far on her way to order and strength, that her history begins to be marked by small events. She is too settled to make revolutions and counter-revolutions the burthen of her news. The Session that has just closed has been a short and a quiet one, but it has been full of many small signs that the Italians feel they have an established position, and a policy to which they can adhere. Brigandage, for example, was, a short time ago, treated as an evil so serious, and so deeply rooted, as to present almost an insuperable obstacle to any satisfactory union between the South and the North. Now, brigandage has sunk into a very small affair. It makes the Government anxious, and leads to many local troubles; but it does not affect the position or policy of Italy much more than the agrarian outrages of Tipperary affect the position and policy of England. There is no longer any illusion about the brigands as the heroes of a civil war. The cause of the Neapolitan BOURBONS has gone to the great limbo of dead historical traditions; and although the French still hold Rome, they hold it under some degree of admitted responsibility to the Italian Government. They no longer consider the Court of Pius IX. as an Alsatia under their protection, in which a host of refugees, gathered together under very exceptional circumstances, may be fairly allowed to plot for their restoration to home and power. Nothing is so remarkable in the recent history of Italy as this change in the attitude of France. It is true that the hopes of gaining Rome for their capital only slumber in the breasts of the Italians, and they would not openly allow that their discontent is diminished. But the more long-headed among them are shrewd enough to see that the nation may gain by the change of opinion as to everything ecclesiastical being allowed to operate widely and silently before the seat of Government is fixed in the very heart of Catholicism. The French will evidently stay at Rome for the present, unless some very unexpected event happens. But they now appear willing to stay there as the English stay in Gibraltar. They make their occupation of a part of Italy consistent with the ordinary relations of one friendly Power to another, and begin to consider it as much a part of their duty to prevent any consequent impediment to the peaceable and orderly government of Italy, as we should think it a part of our duty to take care that Gibraltar was not used as a help to the adversaries of the Govern-

ment of Spain. The representative of the former Grand Duke of TUSCANY has been sent away from Rome because he was giving annoyance to the Cabinet of Turin. The most notorious of the brigand chiefs have been sent nominally to Spain, but really to Genoa, where they have been seized; and now, having been forwarded over Mont Cenis, in order to satisfy the honour of France, they are to be sent back again, in order to satisfy the honour and the vengeance of Italy. The French authorities also appear willing to act directly, and without any affectation of want of jurisdiction in the territory of the POPE. They are stated to be willing to give up to the Italian Government certain brigands who, two months ago, made a raid beyond the Roman frontier. The last vestiges of any independent temporal power in the POPE seem fast dying out; and the position of things at Rome will soon be very much what it would be at Gibraltar if we used our possession of the place as harmlessly for Spain as we do now, but if, having by some accident got the GRAND LAMA there, we chose to ground our retention of the fortress on the plea that it would pain the feelings of all good Thibetians throughout the world if we went away.

The day will come when Italy will have to face the enormous difficulty created by the French occupying a strong fortress in her centre; but, for the present, the Turin Government is greatly aided in its efforts to keep the South quiet by the EMPEROR agreeing to hold Rome as a French dependency where he happens to have reasons for keeping a very special kind of old priest. It gives the Italians time to think of other things than putting down brigandage. More especially, it gives them time to think of public works. The Italian mind delights in public works. The civil engineering of Italy has always been excellent, and the mixture of large plains, great mountain ridges, and a magnificent coast, affords boundless fields for engineering triumphs if only money can be obtained. And certainly Italy is bold enough in what she attempts. The last acts of the Parliament, this Session, have been to sanction the purchase of the Victor Emmanuel line, and the concession of the great Southern line which is to bring together the resources of Calabria and Sicily. The Italian Government has had a thousand difficulties to contend with, and none has been greater than that of having to deal with the needy foreign adventurers who swarmed to Italy directly the revolution was seen to be successful. To retrieve the mistakes which were then committed, and to guard against them in future, the Government has now determined to recognise none but a very few large railway companies, under the guidance of great capitalists, but to see that these companies provide communication from one end of Italy to the other. The two measures just passed were important parts of this scheme. By purchasing the Victor Emmanuel line, the Government now owns, and can resell to the company which it may select, almost every mile of railway in the old territories of Piedmont; and the new Southern line, when it is completed, will make Sicily as much a part of Italy as any measure of a Government can make it.

The foreign papers friendly to Austria think it worth while to deny that Italy is going again to play the same game which was played so successfully by CAVOUR during the Crimean war. This time, Austria will not allow herself to be isolated, and so Italy, it is said, need not trouble herself to send her contingent to fight Russia in Poland, or her navy into the Euxine. It would be very odd if history repeated itself after exactly the same pattern. Nor need Italy wish that it should. Italy has far more to gain than to lose by Austria joining the Western Powers and coming under the influence of Western ideas. If ever during the present generation the French leave Rome, they will leave it because the current of Western thought is against their holding it, and because modern ideas—the idea of pursuing and promoting secular happiness, the idea of non-intervention, the idea of respecting a great people, the idea of leaving a free field to those capable of using it—will prove stronger than Catholicism, and stronger than the exclusive attention of the French to their own interests. In the same way, if Austria gives up the Quadrilateral in the time of the present generation, it will probably be because Western thought pronounces that her tenure, although perfectly legal, is a monstrous hardship on Italy. The exact mode in which such changes may be brought about is beyond anticipation; but when once the thought that a nation ought to make a change such as that involved in the French quitting Rome, or the Austrians giving up the Quadrilateral, has become a conviction, it is always found easy to take advantage of circumstances, and to cover the abandonment of an untenable position under the shelter of a plausible

compromise. Unless some alteration takes place soon in the relations of Italy and Austria, it is certain, so far as human eyes can foresee, that war must break out, and it will be a war that can scarcely fail to be disastrous to both. The only hope of a durable peace is that Italy may see that Austria is coming under the same influences to which she is subject, and that there may be thus a gradual diminution of that divergence of thought and that asperity of feeling which, quite as much as any political necessity, lie at the bottom of the determination of Italy to fight for the Quadrilateral and Venice. Italy has taken every means in her power to make her connexion with the West as close as possible, and the treaties of commerce which she has now concluded with France and England will probably prove quite as efficient means of union as any schemes of political combination. It is to the address, the patience, and the influence of Sir JAMES HUDSON that the English Treaty is chiefly due, and although the mercantile world is hard to satisfy, and Birmingham, especially, wishes we had got a little more, those who know how enormous is the pressure which France can bring to bear when it wishes for any preference or advantages from the Italian Government will appreciate the success with which the English negotiations were conducted. It cannot be long before Austria enters on the same path, and resigns, for the advantages of an open market in London and Paris, the chimeras of its puerile monopolies. When Italy and Austria begin to trade with the same people, and on the same principles, they will begin to find that they have other grounds in common than that of commerce. We have not got to the Millennium yet, and there is not the slightest apparent prospect of the sword being turned into the ploughshare; but even amidst wars the ideas stored up in peace continue to exercise their influence, and trade and daily intercommunication must in time bring about some sort of understanding between contiguous nations.

PRUSSIA.

IF peace is preserved for the present, and the prudent reserve of England and Austria saves Europe from turning the Polish insurrection into a conflict of the Great Powers, France may retire without shame from the struggles of diplomacy. She may claim that she alone, among the leading nations of Europe, was willing to do battle for the right, and to put down by force what every one in the West admits to be a great wrong. But it is exceedingly probable that she will still hanker after war, and may be glad to find a nearer and more promising field for her arms than the banks of the Vistula. A quarrel with Prussia was undoubtedly one of the great attractions offered by the championship of Poland, and there are many signs that the Imperial Government does not intend the Polish question to be set aside without having first laid the sure foundations of a quarrel with Prussia, that can be taken up at any moment. At the very time when it has become clear that England and Austria have determined, if possible, to preserve peace, and when the conduct of Prussia is consequently a matter of almost no importance, the French Government has chosen to insert in the *Moniteur*, in the most formal and conspicuous way, a review of the policy of Prussia couched in the most bitter and contemptuous terms. And the pamphleteer who was instructed, or who took upon himself, to explain the Imperial views about Poland, treated Prussia as a sort of hereditary ground for French conquest, and triumphantly reminded the Prussians that Jena was fought in the middle of October. A war with Prussia would be exceedingly popular in France. The people would find a compensation for the desertion of Poland in the execution of a righteous vengeance on a nation that has condescended to lick the feet of Russia, and to render her a servile obedience. The army would advance with alacrity to meet an enemy whom it would feel confident of beating, but who has sufficient reputation to make victory glorious, and who, above all, had the audacity to be successful at Waterloo. The Government would see, in the conquest of the Rhenish provinces, a solid gain to set off against the inevitable cost of the struggle; and no pleasure probably would be dearer to the heart of the EMPEROR than that of occupying the position once held by his uncle, and of being able to determine the future arrangements of Germany. Nor would it be very difficult for France to find a pretext for war quite apart from Poland. The knot of the interminable Schleswig question may be cut by another sword than that of Germany. It is generally understood that Denmark has engaged the assistance of Sweden, if pressed too hardly by Prussia; and the encouragement of France might easily persuade the Scandinavian

Powers to do something more than stand simply on the defensive. And Prussia itself is almost sure to offer every stimulus to France which a weak, vacillating Government can offer to an ambitious neighbour. The Prussian people would fight for their country if they thought that their only alternative was to fight, or to endure another occupation of Northern Germany by French troops. But they shrink from war at a time when war must bring with it a rigid despotism, the triumph of a miserable, insolent aristocracy, and the suppression of every civil immunity that withstands the pressure of military privilege. The KING, and the party that supports and controls him, have only a very feeble grasp of anything that can pretend to be a policy. They wish, in a general way, to lean upon Russia, and to resist the attack of those revolutionary ideas which they think come from the west of Europe. But they have no real confidence either in Russia or in themselves. The organ of the reactionary party in Prussia has just announced that it is not safe to trust too confidently to the CZAR, and that it is necessary to stand well with England, as well as to pay court at St. Petersburg. No one can fail to see that such a Government, presiding over a people alienated from it but powerless to act independently of it, is sure to give France numberless occasions for gaining those opportunities of credit, of position, and of time which often determine the result of war before a shot is fired.

France can, indeed, hardly go to war with Prussia if Europe is determined that peace shall be preserved. She would scarcely think of going to war if even Austria and England were to set themselves resolutely against it. Very probably, the opposition of Austria and England would, in the matter of Poland, make war impossible; and the commercial interests involved in the maintenance of peace are now so great that the chances are always against the quarrels and ill-feeling of neighbouring Powers growing into actual war. It would be very foolish to prophesy that, in the next year or two, a French army will really cross the Rhine; but in estimating the present position of things in Europe, it is obvious that there is the danger of a war in the present attitude of France towards Prussia, and in the very unsatisfactory mode in which the affairs of Prussia are conducted. It is a much more serious danger than that suggested by the Polish insurrection; for the French, in order to make war with Prussia, have not to march hundreds of miles away into a region that cannot support an army, and then try to set up some unknown sort of Government in an unascertained territory. They have simply to step across their own border, and try to get permanent hold of a definite strip of adjacent valuable land. Theoretically, both England and Austria would very much object to their making this acquisition. England would tremble for the balance of power, and Austria would be humiliated if some thousands of Germans passed under the perpetual dominion of French *préfets*. Both Austria and England cling fast to their political traditions, and it would violate the traditions of both if France pushed her frontier to the Rhine. But it is difficult to feel certain that, if France chose her time well, she might not be allowed practically to deal with Prussia alone. Austria—with Italy burning for war, and Hungary far from reconciled—would scarcely take an active part if England were lukewarm. And it is difficult to say how strong the feeling in England would be; nor is it easy for an English Ministry to take decisive measures if the views of statesmen are not supported by popular sentiment. And if France were to take advantage of the discredit and contempt into which Prussia has fallen in England, as everywhere else, and of the indignation which the conduct of the KING and the present reactionary Government has excited, and if she were to manage to enlist on her side the strong sympathy felt here for the Scandinavian nations, no one who knows England can be sure that we should go to war to preserve the Rhenish provinces for Prussia, any more than we went to war to preserve Savoy for Italy. The accusation now made by the French press, that we have encouraged France to look to the acquisition of the Rhenish provinces as a compensation for the part it was ready to take in a war for Poland, is absurd. No one in England thinks of deliberately sanctioning this sort of barter. But it is quite true that the foolish conduct of the Prussian Court, and the contempt awakened by its timid and shifting policy, have made it seem to the ordinary Englishman less a matter of sorrow and indignation that Prussia should suffer harm at the hands of France than it would have seemed two or three years ago.

The reactionary party in Prussia is quite right in its recent discovery that the security of Prussia really depends upon England. But it is probably incapable of estimating how far

Prussia can count upon the assistance of England at all times, and under all circumstances. The statesmen of England are long-suffering and, on the whole, far-sighted; and they are not likely to permit any temporary causes to interfere with those general views of policy which forbid an acquiescence in the aggrandizement of France. Those Englishmen, too, who bestow a calm and patient attention on Continental affairs are aware that, much as Germany wants a change of men and ideas, and lamentable as is the subjection in which petty Courts and a trumpety nobility keep a people possessed of some fine qualities, yet no good is likely to arise from French intervention. It is far better to trust to time and to the slow progress of events. But the English people judge of political questions by more popular standards. They will not willingly go to war for a foreign Government which they dislike and despise. The opinions of statesmen were quite as strongly in favour of supporting Turkey as they can be in favour of keeping France from the Rhine; but it was not the opinions of statesmen that made England take part in the Crimean war—it was the popular desire to destroy and humble the Power which had long been proclaimed to be the centre and strength of despotism in Europe. The Prussian Government must know very little about England if it can believe that there would be the same eagerness to help the King of Prussia as there was to lower the pride of the Czar. Nominally, indeed, a vague distinction is drawn between the Prussian Government and the Prussian people, and it is said that the people ought not to suffer for the sins of their rulers. But all the acts by which Prussia would be judged while the question of war was pending would be the acts of the Government, and everything but the Government would be quickly forgotten. Therefore, it is scarcely too much to say that the reactionary party in Prussia is fast making that assistance from England improbable on which it perceives that Prussia can alone rely. For the sake of the feeble pleasure of snubbing a set of what Prussian nobles think Parliamentary upstarts, and of fostering the childish arrogance of the officers of the army, the present holders of power in Prussia are running their country into the extreme of danger. The result to which France has now brought the negotiations about Poland, coupled with the contempt and dislike felt in England towards the Prussian Sovereign and Government, constitute as great a danger for Prussia as any country can incur that is not actually on the eve of war. There is not much hope that WILLIAM I. or his advisers will see this, or that, if they did see it, they would know how to profit by their clear-sightedness; but it is possible that the leaders of the Prussian nation may see it, and that those most interested in the future of the monarchy in Prussia may see it, and may find some way of giving practical effect to their reflections.

RUSSIA AND THE THREE POWERS.

IT is barely possible that the notes which are about to be addressed to St. Petersburg may produce an answer more conciliatory than Prince GORTSCHAKOFF's former despatches; but the Russian Minister's latest communications to Paris and Vienna, while indicating a consciousness that the language formerly used may have been injudicious, hold out no prospect of any real concession to European opinion. Whether these documents have been dictated by a desire to avoid urging matters to extremities, or whether the object of the Russian Government is merely to clear itself in the eyes of Europe from the charge of adopting an ironical and provocative tone, it is certain that no intention is manifested of receding in any degree from the ground previously taken. Although, however, the rumours of a change in the policy of Russia may be entitled to little credit, it is strange that an astute Government should not even attempt to divide a hostile coalition. The lukewarmness of English feeling for Poland must be well known at St. Petersburg, especially as Polish pamphleteers constantly attempt to flatter French vanity by declaring, without a shadow of reason, that the centre of the conspiracy against their independence is in London. The acceptance of the Six Points would have silenced Lord RUSSELL, and, as the Marquis WIELOPOLSKI justly informs the Emperor ALEXANDER, it would have done Russia no harm. The armistice itself might well have been adopted on principle, if it had been coupled with the condition that the mediating Powers should induce the insurgents to lay down their arms. As to national representation, and the rest of the constitutional securities which were to be provided, the Poles of the Kingdom have had comparatively little reason to complain of the want of parchment franchises. The chief author of their recent suffer-

ings was himself not merely a Pole, but, in a certain sense, he was also a patriot. WIELOPOLSKI hoped to make his country the most prosperous and dominant section of a great Slavonic Empire, and a similar prospect, opened by ALEXANDER I., was welcomed by the entire Polish nation; but twenty years of disappointment, followed by thirty years of oppression, have revived in its full extent the ancient antipathy of the conquered population to the tyrannical usurpers. The apologists of the insurrection disclaim all connexion with the Muscovites, and repudiate them even as members of the Slavonic race. Indeed, if the more zealous ethnologists on both sides are to be believed, Poland is not inhabited by Poles, nor Russia by Russians. It can only be said that extreme animosity prevails between two races who are unfortunately brought into close and unfriendly contact. WIELOPOLSKI himself disliked and despised his Russian colleagues, although he had satisfied himself that it was desirable or necessary to accept the Imperial dynasty. He is perfectly consistent in recommending the adoption of the Six Points, although one of them is directed against his own iniquitous blunder of a partial conscription. His policy was perhaps, on the whole, less disadvantageous to the Poles of the Kingdom than any alternative system which could have been adopted with a reasonable chance of success; and he may have thought it possible hereafter to extend the benefits of Polish administration to the provinces which are included in the Empire. The proposals of the three Powers are scarcely wide enough to meet the wants of Lithuania and Podolia. If Prince GORTSCHAKOFF had opened a negotiation on the affairs of the Kingdom of Poland alone, he would have achieved a diplomatic triumph, although it might have been unpleasant to permit foreign interference with the details of Russian administration.

It cannot be denied that the English Government at present occupies an embarrassing position. Neither Parliament nor the country in the smallest degree wishes for a war with Russia, and yet there are strong reasons against allowing or compelling France to act alone. It seems that, to a certain extent, and with a view to the attainment of limited objects, Austria is really earnest in the cause. Disturbances in adjacent Polish provinces are as disagreeable as a fire in the next house when the partition wall is made of lath and plaster. It is true that, in 1846, the Austrian Government perpetrated in Galicia the same crimes which are now rousing the indignation of Europe against Russia. The lives and property of the landowners were used to buy the sordid allegiance of the peasants, and it appears that the animosities which were provoked between different classes are not yet obsolete. Nevertheless, as Count RECHBERG says, Galicia, where a lawless pacification has been completed, is not to be compared with the Grand Duchy of Warsaw, with its thousands of desperate insurgents. It is also necessary in some degree to consult the feelings of the more respectable Galicians, and especially of the deputies who sit in the Council of the Empire. In all parts of Poland, every person who can read or write is a member of the disaffected or national party. If Austria had imitated the policy of Prussia, the revolt might have extended to Galicia; and when civil war was once commenced it would be difficult to limit its range, for Hungary also would probably have taken the opportunity of establishing its independence, and in Italy 400,000 men are anxiously waiting for a moment of Austrian weakness. It was, on the whole, judicious in the Court of Vienna to adopt the more liberal view of the Polish quarrel, and to establish a claim to the friendly offices of the Western Powers. It is difficult to suppose that Austria wishes for a war with Russia; but, in the event of a rupture, no ally would be more acceptable to England. The Austrian army might give effective assistance to the Poles without involving a general derangement of the balance of power.

Joint action with France, although it may become necessary, tends to more serious complications. It is impossible to forget the compulsory annexation of Savoy and Nice. Excuses at least as plausible might be alleged for the conquest of Rhenish Germany, as the material equivalent of the idea of Polish independence. It is evident that England can never be a party to any such project; and yet it might be difficult to protest against the consequences of a war which France had undertaken single-handed. A partnership in operations against Russia would furnish a right or an opportunity of remonstrance, and it might even be practicable, as at the commencement of the last Russian war, to obtain a formal pledge which would preclude the acquisition of new territories. On the other hand, experience shows the inconvenience of joining an ally who has practically the power of deciding on war or peace. In a concerted campaign,

the French forces would exceed the English in number; and, as France has the ear of the Continent, all the credit that might be acquired would accrue to the complacent ally who contrived, in spite of Alma and Inkermann, to monopolize the fame of the Crimean war. Among their numerous virtues the French have never included generosity to a rival; and the Poles themselves would regard an English contingent as a mere appendage to a liberating French army. Lord MALMESBURY absurdly objected to the Poles that they had fought against England under the banner of NAPOLEON. The same objection would apply with equal force to the Italians, who have been supported by English sympathy in all their recent difficulties and exertions. If any feeling of hostility has survived both the war and half a century of peace, it is perhaps cherished by the Poles themselves, who know England only through French representations. One of their writers lately declared that the enmity of England to the first NAPOLEON was provoked by his good-will to Pöland.

Lord PALMERSTON and Lord RUSSELL will probably persist in their resolution to frame their communications to Russia in their own language. Identical notes imply a concerted purpose which at present it would be premature to announce, especially as it cannot have been deliberately settled. The answer of the English Government has been prudently delayed, in the hope that time may supply some motive or some excuse for concession; and in the meantime, the combined policy of the three Powers is ripening into an alliance which may, perhaps, produce a better effect than the most elaborate arguments. Russia ought to know by experience that England, though in recent times the most peaceable of nations, readily warms to an impending or actual war. If the scruples which impede a breach with Russia were overcome by a rupture, moral indignation against the massacres and robberies perpetrated in Poland would come to the aid of patriotic feeling. It is still possible for the Russian Government to comply with the English demand, although it may anticipate further exigencies on the part of France; and if an internal peace can be in any manner patched up, no English statesman will at present demand the reconstitution of ancient Poland. The Russian Government is to blame for the partial interference which it summarily and contemptuously repudiates. Having once entered into a negotiation, England cannot honourably retire in absolute discomfiture; and although the reasons against a Russian war are numerous and obvious, they may be overruled or overborne by circumstances. No foreign country appreciates the conscientious objection of rational Englishmen to unnecessary war, but it is easy to rely too implicitly on the supposed sluggishness and selfishness of the community.

AMERICA.

IT is possible that the Confederates may rally from their heavy disasters; but those among them who talk of continuing a guerilla warfare after the dissolution of their great armies virtually acknowledge defeat. If the Southern population is resolved to persevere in its heroic resistance to the invader, its energies will be most advantageously employed in the ranks of the regular army. As yet, the Confederacy is only weakened by the loss of men in the long and unequal struggle. There is probably a larger supply of artillery, of small arms, and of ammunition than at the commencement of the war; and numerous officers of experience and ability are ready to train and command any new levies which may be forthcoming. The principal army, under the COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF, still holds in force the North-Western frontier of Virginia; and JOHNSTONE and BRAGG, though they are not strong enough to cope with the enemy in the field, must be able to dispose of a considerable force. The Confederate Government, and the States which are immediately threatened, have called all able-bodied men to arms, in the extreme peril of the country. The statesmen and generals of the South are too well acquainted with the theory and history of war to rely on the desultory efforts of guerilla bands; and it is evidently their object to husband their resources, by declining, as far as possible, all decisive actions. General LEE prudently wishes to cover the retreat of his baggage, and also to occupy the main Federal army, while his Government is engaged in measures for immediate defence. Even if he were certain of success, he could scarcely, at this moment, afford to fight a pitched battle in which he might lose ten or twenty thousand men. A fresh advance into the Federal States would once more bring an innumerable militia into the field, and eventually it might be necessary again to retreat behind the Potomac with diminished numbers. It seems strange, if the report be true, that reinforcements from Southern Virginia should have

been forwarded to LEE's army, while Charleston is in danger from the operations of a small land force, acting in concert with the gunboats. We have not the means of accurately estimating the present strength and resources of BEAUREGARD, but he may still be able to save the principal port of the Confederacy, and to baffle the expected triumph of the North over the capture of Fort Sumter. Whatever may be the necessities of the future, the Southern Government displays its wisdom in maintaining its defiant attitude under the pressure of ill fortune. Should negotiation become inevitable, the terms of peace will be largely modified by the power of the weaker belligerent to offer further resistance.

Mr. SEWARD is again reported to have displayed, in his advice to the PRESIDENT, a good sense and moderation which could not have been anticipated from his public speeches or from his foreign despatches. If he has really proposed that the Southern States should be invited to return to the Union, with a guarantee for their institutions and their property, he has shown that he understands the true interests of the North and the only real value of the recent victories. If the PRESIDENT were to adopt the counsels attributed to Mr. SEWARD, the North, even if offers of peace were peremptorily rejected, would derive great advantage from such a proof of its moderation. Prudent Northern Americans must be aware that the resistance of the South may, in any case, be indefinitely prolonged. It is generally admitted that the great armies cannot be maintained without the conscription, and experience has not yet shown whether compulsory service can be made acceptable to the most considerable Northern States. The New York riots have, for the moment, united the respectable classes in support of the Government, and they have discredited the Democratic party, which was previously increasing in numbers and in influence; yet it will be difficult to renew the conscription after its temporary suspension, especially as it is discountenanced by the Governor of New York, who is supported by the legal authority of one of the State Judges. The Americans have neither sympathy nor respect for Irish rioters, but, in the present instance, the New York quota can only be made up of Irish conscripts. The imported Helots of New York, among the few advantages of their situation, enjoy the privilege of a large proportionate representation in the municipality of the city. The Corporation has consequently voted half a million sterling to purchase substitutes for unwilling conscripts, and, of course, every conscript will take advantage of the grant. The Republicans argue, with much force, that the measure is illegal, as it is deliberately intended to thwart the policy of an Act of Congress; but it will be difficult for the War Department to refuse the regulated price of exemption, when it is tendered on behalf of any conscript from any quarter whatever. The respectable inhabitants of New York will have the pleasure of paying for the exemption of their Irish neighbours as well as for their own, and the Corporation will have furnished a precedent which, if it were generally followed, would render the creation of a Federal army altogether impossible.

The announcement of immediate war with England has always been the favourite resort of American factions when they found themselves in a difficulty; but the device was too stale and too irrelevant to bear upon the impediments to the conscription. The Irish rioters were as willing to listen to the discreditable twaddle of their Archbishop when he stimulated their bad passions against England, as when he assured them, with shameless mendacity, that they were not even rioters. There is a great difference, however, between applauding a sycophantic demagogue and submitting to compulsory enlistment in the army. Even a disciple of Archbishop HUGHES can understand that, if the Act of Congress is unconstitutional, its defects can by no means be cured by the employment of an army illegally raised in the most wanton and wicked of quarrels. The Irish intellect may also perceive that a contingent war, for which a pretext has yet to be discovered, can scarcely require so urgent a measure as a conscription. If American patriots of all parties are to be trusted, a war with England would fill the ranks with volunteers eager to wreak their vengeance, according to the proverb, for insults and offences which they have themselves offered to the object of their enmity. A forced levy to represent the national animosity is too paradoxical a provision to impose on the most unsophisticated mind. The Irishmen of New York believe, with much reason, that they are to be expended in the Southern States, and not, for the present, in Canada. If the untoward Polish question should issue in a European war, there can be little doubt that the Government

of the United States will take the opportunity of assisting Russia, and of venting its hatred against England. In the more probable contingency of a merely diplomatic controversy between England and Russia, the PRESIDENT and his advisers will not be so insane as to take any step which would more than compensate to the Confederacy for the loss of a dozen Vicksburgs.

The Republicans are beginning to accuse Governor SEYMOUR of treasonable intentions, because he discourages the conscription, and resists the encroachments of the Federal Power. Where there are two conflicting authorities, the special champion of either is always liable to be denounced as a traitor. To foreign observers, the Federal Government seems to have strained its prerogative to the utmost, but it is for Americans themselves to reconcile or distinguish the pretensions of Washington and of New York. It may be safely assumed that Governor SEYMOUR is only a traitor so far as his supporters, who are the majority in a population of four millions, are also traitors. If he were violently deprived of the command of the armed force of the State, New York would not be far from rebellion against a Government which usurped its undoubted rights. The zealous advocates of centralized Government might possibly suppress resistance for a time, if Mr. LINCOLN, in compliance with their earnest recommendations, were to make General BUTLER dictator of New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania. Such an appointment would gratify the party passions of the Republicans, but it would be regarded with deeper satisfaction by the Government of Richmond. It would be highly inconvenient to attempt in the Northern States, during the continuance of the war, the experiment which, in the event of conquest, must ultimately be tried throughout the Confederacy. It may be found possible to govern South Carolina as a subject province, but New York is not prepared to become a dependency of Washington. The hope of dissensions among their enemies will perhaps encourage and console the Confederates in their distress and danger.

THE RAILWAY ACCIDENT SEASON.

RAILWAY accidents and grouse come into season about the same time. Cynics may say that newspaper writers are collusively blind to railway accidents, and to such trifles as only involve the death of half-a-dozen, or the mutilation of a score of people, when they have Parliamentary tussles and eloquent speeches to dilate upon. But the recurrence of railway accidents may be as safely calculated as the return of a comet. There is a natural law in either case; like causes produce like effects. As soon as ever the excursion trains begin to run plentifully, the accidents follow in like proportion. Whenever any machine, constructed to do a certain amount of work with given capacities accurately calculated, and designed to produce certain results with no waste of power and no superfluous contrivances, is overtaxed, it breaks down. So it is with a railway system. The staff, the rolling stock, are all fixed and invariable factors. Time and space and human powers are not indefinitely elastic. A man, even though he be a stationmaster, or a pointsman, or a signalman, can only give all his attention to a certain amount of duty. If the whole orderly system, adjusted according to the laws of moving bodies and the velocity with which, under certain calculated conditions, they pass through space, is interfered with, a collapse, a collision, or an impact must take place. The time-tables of all the railways in England are, at a certain season of the year, a gigantic imposture, a snare and a delusion. They have absolutely no meaning. *Bradshaw* is a perpetual falsity. Between any two trains may be intercalated another train of unknown length and weight, bound to no rules, and subject to no regulations. Its length is an accident only known at the moment of departure, and dependent on caprice or the chances of the weather. Its rate of progress is, therefore, in every case, an unknown quantity; and its arrival and departure can never be depended upon. The theory of the ordinary traffic and the excursion traffic is, that the one should always keep time, and that the latter, though subject to no conditions, should never interfere with it. As though to complicate a problem necessarily insoluble, the directors of railways nicely adjust their exceptional traffic so as not only to derange the regular traffic, but to be abnormal and inconsistent with itself. The usual thing on a very heavy day, when some monster attraction has been got up—a Volunteer Review, a Sunday School gathering, or a Benevolent Society's Fête—is to despatch two or more excursion trains at about five minutes' interval from each

other. Last year, just before the accident season commenced, we took occasion, on August 16th, to warn railway directors of their responsibilities; but, we are bound to own, with wonderfully little effect, for on August 28th occurred the Market Harborough accident, when two heavy excursion trains were despatched from King's Cross just five minutes apart from each other. This careful arrangement for an accident was rewarded, for the first train stopped to take in water, and the second train, as pre-arranged, of course ran into it. This resulted in the loss of one life, and more than a hundred casualties in maimed and wounded. On the 13th of October, however, the purveyors of destruction were more successful; for on the Edinburgh and Glasgow line as many as fifteen persons were killed, because an inexperienced pointsman was employed on duties requiring special capacity and experience. Why should we recall the horrid memories of the frightful Clayton Tunnel accident of August 25th, 1861, in which more than twenty excursionists were killed, and about a hundred persons were maimed and injured, many of them for life? Why repeat the tale of the Kentish Town catastrophe, which followed in less than a week, and in which an aeldama of blood and slaughter occurred? Why, except to remark that the one occurred in August, and the other in September, and that both were excursion trains, must we again revive the hateful memories of the Helmsshore "accident," with its butcher's bill of ten killed and forty wounded, or the Worcester and Wolverhampton smash, in which the bill of mortality ascended to fifteen killed on the spot, and ninety wounded?

We admit that the last case of railway accident which has occurred—that on the Lynn and Hunstanton Railway, of the 4th of this month, in which six persons have been killed on the spot, and an unknown number injured—though it was a case of excursion train, has not had its precedent. It opens up an almost novel chapter in the causes of accident, and, as it seems, points to another source of mismanagement. Indeed, it seems that railway directors are resolved to exhaust all expedients, and to try all possible conditions which will lead to destruction of life. Sometimes they try a light coupling chain to which they thoughtfully attach heavy carriages. Sometimes they overwork some wretched signalman, or driver, or guard. Sometimes they employ a new and raw hand on duties in which experience and presence of mind are exceptionally required. Sometimes they turn out ballast trains to wander up and down, the chartered libertines of the rail, the comets of the iron system, to cause or to escape collision just as time or accident may determine. The only immutable law in respect to excursion traffic, from which the directors never depart, and which they enforce with inflexible severity, is to despatch their trains at the shortest possible intervals at which they can be got out of the departure station. Having secured this certain and capital condition of danger, they may reasonably enough defy any combinations of good luck and safety. Their "accident" is guaranteed. They may well leave all the minor risks to take care of themselves. Something is almost certain to happen, to secure the all but inevitable result of slaughter, if the managers are only punctual and exact in running their trains one close upon the heels of another. The Lynn and Hunstanton trains, of course, complied with this fundamental condition. The train to which the accident happened—that is, to which the usual mode of thinning the excursionists was applied—had its time registered in the usual time table. Had this train only performed the journey as it was advertised, no danger would have arisen. But, "for convenience," on arriving at Hunstanton, two trains were despatched instead of one, within a quarter of an hour's interval. The first train completed its journey safely; the second ran over a bullock which was straying on the line, was overturned, and the result was the homicide we have already mentioned. Though not absolutely a new case, it is, we believe, the first occasion on which serious casualties have resulted in this way. We do not, of course, prejudge the matter, but, as at present reported, the accident illustrates more than one vice of railway management. First, it occurred to an excursion train, or, rather, it was a case of two excursion trains following each other at dangerously close intervals. Next, it shows that the fences were very imperfectly maintained. Further, it proves that there ought always to be policemen ranging up and down the line, to look out for casual obstructions. And, moreover, it seems to show that there ought to be some means for passengers to communicate with the guardians of the line. This very bullock, it is said, was observed by a passenger in the first train, and the cause of danger was commented upon; but of

course there was no means at hand to warn anybody—if there had been anybody—in charge of the line. Already the official excuse is agreed upon. A bullock on the line is what no foresight could prevent. To be sure, an ox is, we had thought, not a rare animal in the Boeotian meadows of England. The bovine habits are not a matter on which the intelligence of Norfolk is left altogether to conjecture. The powers of an ox, either in jumping a wide hedge or in climbing up and down a dry ditch, might have been observed before this. And the case is still worse if, as is alleged, horses and cattle are in the habit of being allowed free pasturage on the banks of this particular railway. Or if the fences are new, and therefore insufficient, because the Lynn line is new, it might have been in the power of railway intelligence to supplement the weak fence of quickset by the living fence of a policeman in charge of the line.

Will railway directors take heed to the warning? We suspect not. Already the great railway interest has tried, in Parliament, to get rid of the only security which stands between its own greed and the public safety. The audacious attempt to repeal Lord CAMPBELL'S Act, which awards compensation to sufferers and their representatives, only shows the railway mind. They are resolved, especially in the matter of excursion traffic, to go on chancing it. Possibly, on a cool balance of calculations, it has been found that, on the whole, and in the long run, it is more profitable to go on with the present system of under-manning in the way of staff, and over-crowding in the way of traffic, with all the contingencies of death and consequent compensation, than to take due care of human life, and to work the line in obedience to the general laws of time and mechanics. All this may just as well be avowed, for it is certainly consistently acted upon; and what remains is, to meet this premeditated disregard of the public safety. Excursionists have the matter a good deal in their own hands, and so have juries; and so long as railway directors show themselves to be deaf to the dictates of humanity, they must be forced to pay that involuntary homage to the sanctity of life, in purse, which they decline to recognise as a matter of personal, or at least official, responsibility.

STRONG GOVERNMENT IN AMERICA.

MR. VALLANDIGHAM'S address to the people of Ohio will of course be read without a particle of sympathy by those politicians who, on either side of the Atlantic, are prepared to abet and applaud every lawless abuse of power committed in the cause of the best of Republics. It cannot, however, be wholly uninteresting to any sincere friend of legal and constitutional freedom, and it may possibly have some effect on an appreciable section of American popular opinion. As a literary composition it may be open to criticism, but it has at least the merit of asserting principles which English Radicals used to speak of with decent respect before they had learned to worship their new idol of Republican absolutism. It simply enunciates doctrines which, but a little more than two years ago, were the accepted commonplaces of all classes of American politicians, and which are still the ostensible basis of a Constitution that has never been formally abrogated. Of the political importance of this manifesto we dare not express any confident opinion. It may hereafter be only remembered, if remembered at all, as an abortive protest on behalf of constitutional rights which a large part of the American people are bent on sacrificing to the exigencies of a war for empire; or it may be memorable as marking the commencement of a successful resistance to military despotism. All we can say for certain is, that it will be of evil omen for the future of American freedom if the people of the United States are indifferent to the principles of law and justice which have been so flagrantly violated in Mr. VALLANDIGHAM'S person.

President LINCOLN'S Government has committed far worse crimes against humanity than the arrest and exile of Mr. VALLANDIGHAM, but it has done no single act which displays a more utter contempt for legal and constitutional right. It was an act without the slightest justification on the score of military necessity; for the State of Ohio, where Mr. VALLANDIGHAM delivered the speech which incurred General BURNSIDE'S displeasure, was not the seat of war, and he said nothing that could even remotely influence the issue of any military operation. Addressing an audience of his fellow-citizens, he simply exercised the citizen's right of criticizing the policy and actions of the party in power. We should wrong him if we said that his speech was such a speech as Mr. BRIGHT might have spoken in the days

when he disapproved of war; for it was wholly free from the malignant vituperation which the Birmingham champion of peace invariably imports into his advocacy of universal brotherly love. It was nothing more than a moderately-worded condemnation of the policy of a struggle which no American citizen is under any legal or moral obligation to approve. For this he was arrested by soldiers in his own house in the dead of night, and thrown into a military prison. Tried by a military tribunal for an offence which, if an offence at all, was exclusively cognizable by the Civil Courts, he was sentenced by the PRESIDENT to a punishment unknown to the laws of the United States. Mr. LINCOLN had just as much legal warrant for sending Mr. VALLANDIGHAM into exile as Lord PALMERSTON would have had for banishing Mr. BRIGHT during the Crimean war. It is, we trust, not impossible that this outrage on law and liberty may turn out to have been a blunder as well as a crime. Mr. VALLANDIGHAM was a politician of fair repute and considerable local influence—he now promises to become a troublesome, if not formidable, political martyr. He had scarcely crossed the Confederate frontier when he was nominated by his party as candidate for the governorship of his State; and there is little reason to doubt that he will be elected, unless General BURNSIDE should consider it his duty to undertake the management of the ballot-boxes, and to provide Ohio with a civil government after his own taste. Should the State of Ohio choose as its chief magistrate a man whom the Federal PRESIDENT has banished for talking treason, the situation will be both curious and embarrassing. To accept the popular verdict would be a humiliating, perhaps dangerous, confession of weakness. To overrule it by military violence would be to invite a civil war.

In the meantime, Mr. VALLANDIGHAM'S appeal to his fellow-citizens may perhaps not be entirely unheard. It is a very intelligible issue which he submits to their judgment. "Shall there be free speech, a free press, peaceable assemblies of the people, and a free ballot any longer in Ohio? Shall the people hereafter, as hitherto, have the right to discuss and condemn the principles and the policy of the men who for the time conduct the government? Shall Order 38 or the Constitution be the supreme law of the land?" President LINCOLN, like his English admirers and partisans, goes for Order 38 and no Constitution. "Whatever he wills, that is law. Constitutions, State and Federal, are nothing; acts of legislation nothing; the judiciary less than nothing. In time of war, there is but one will supreme—his will; but one law—military necessity—and he the sole judge." There is really no exaggeration in this way of putting the case. Mr. VALLANDIGHAM is merely summarizing in a broad way the facts of American history during two years of civil war. From the very beginning of the struggle, all the securities for the personal freedom of the citizen have been swept aside in obedience to real or imagined military necessity and political convenience. The Opposition press has been gagged; judges have been intimidated on the bench; the Habeas Corpus has been suspended by arbitrary decree of the Executive; and the military prisons have been choked with persons suspected of "Southern proclivities." Congress has emulated and exceeded the reckless violence of the PRESIDENT, his Ministers, and his Generals. It has given a pseudo-legality to the widest stretches of arbitrary power by *ex-post-facto* laws which the Constitution of the United States expressly declares to be beyond its competence; and one of its very latest acts has been to over-ride the most essential of all State rights by empowering the Federal Executive to exact compulsory service in the Federal armies from the whole able-bodied male population of the Union. PRESIDENT and Congress alike have gone on the principle that all things are lawful against suspected traitors, that the opponents of a just and necessary (not to say holy) war have no legal rights, and that the "War Power" is elastic enough to cover excesses of authority which European autocrats might be contented to admire without venturing to imitate. We are not aware that the theory and practice of despotic government have ever been carried to greater lengths in modern times than during the last two years in the home of the Bird of Freedom.

Whether, when, and how constitutional liberty and legal order will recover the ground which they have lost in this calamitous struggle is a question which the boldest political prophet may well hesitate to answer. There have from time to time been encouraging signs of a popular reaction in favour of civil and political freedom, but it remains to be seen whether the victory will not ultimately rest with the fanatics of universal philanthropy and strong government. The familiar practice of military despotism has generated theories

to match it, and there is now, it seems, a sort of public opinion growing up in favour of the formal extinction of every real security for what Englishmen call "the rights of the subject." We learn simultaneously from two distinct sources that the current talk of Northern society runs just now on the intrinsic advantages of arbitrary rule and the inconvenience of legal restraints on the Executive. The first thing that strikes an apparently competent observer (writing from Boston), who returns to the United States after an absence of many years, is that "there is no word occurring more frequently in conversation at this juncture than 'strong Government;' and he is of opinion that, "were LINCOLN by any chance to be removed from office, no candidate would have better probabilities of success in a Presidential election than General BUTLER." Another writer, who has followed the course of American politics on the spot almost from the beginning of the war, reports from New York that among those who despair of a restoration of the shattered Union there is an audible demand for a grand "Republic of the North, one, indivisible, and homogeneous, with a strong and irresistible central Government." Statements of this sort are often made on a too narrow induction, and must always be accepted with large abatements; yet these estimates of prevalent Northern opinion are not without a certain antecedent probability. A Republic one and indivisible, with a man like BUTLER at the head of it, is really the kind of thing for which the American people have been in training for the last two years. Familiarity with violence and bloodshed, callous indifference to human life, contempt for legal rights, and impatience of legal restraints which offend the popular mood of the hour—these are the elements out of which "strong Governments" are formed, and these are the most conspicuous moral results of two years of civil war. It is, in any case, difficult to see how constitutional liberty in one half of the old Confederation could survive the successful subjugation of the other. Those who seek to make a Poland of the South would certainly have few scruples about trampling down "Copperheads" in the North; and the enormous army of occupation which would be needed to hold reluctant provinces in subjection would be a ready tool for the uses of domestic tyranny. It may be hoped that things are a long way yet from a consummation which would dismay every true friend of freedom and progress in either hemisphere, but it is undeniable that American liberty is in grievous peril. If the fanatics of the English democratic platform are more sincere in their attachment to civil and political liberty than our professional champions of peace have shown themselves in their abhorrence of war, they will do well to moderate their exultation over the anticipated triumph of the Federal arms. A centralized Government resting on a semi-alien army of conscripts, with one half of its strength employed in crushing down a vast disaffected dependency, and the other half in rooting out domestic sedition, is not exactly an ideal for English Liberals to worship.

THE ARMSTRONG GUN.

FOR the last five years the resources of the Government have been freely placed at the command of Sir WILLIAM ARMSTRONG, for the purpose of remodelling our system of artillery by the introduction of rifled cannon. A Select Committee of the House of Commons has just reported on the results of the experiment, and the conclusion at which they have arrived is not altogether in harmony with the great expectations which were indulged when Sir WILLIAM was first appointed to the post which he has now resigned. We have, perhaps, no right to be disappointed at the partial failure of attempts to introduce so entire a revolution into the manufacture of ordnance; and it is at any rate satisfactory to learn that, to a certain extent, the new system has been successful, and that the field artillery of the British army is, in the opinion of the most competent judges, superior to that of any country in the world. Judging after the event, it is easy to see that a little more of deliberation, and a great deal more of experiment in the first instance, would have saved a large outlay, and provided a more generally serviceable arm than the heavy guns with which the navy has been so prodigally supplied; but it is only fair to take into account the pressure which was felt from the rapid strides which France and other countries were making in the construction of rifled ordnance. At the time when the Government resolved to adopt the Armstrong system, scarcely any experience had been gained of other classes of rifled cannon. For several years, experiments

had been going on to test the efficiency of Sir WILLIAM ARMSTRONG's weapon; and the guns of small calibre which he had produced had performed so much better than any rifled cannon that was then known, that, if the decision was to be arrived at without delay, no other course seemed open but to adopt the invention and the inventor together without reserve. Some imperfect trials of Mr. WHITWORTH's system had not fully developed the perfection of which it was capable; and, on the evidence before them, the Ordnance Committee of 1858 could scarcely have done otherwise than report in favour of Sir WILLIAM ARMSTRONG's plan. The experiments then made had been limited to field ordnance, and the complete success which has attended the introduction of the new method into the armament of the Royal Artillery has fully confirmed the judgment which the Committee pronounced. After several years of actual experience, including the campaign in China, where the new cannon proved superior to the rifled gun of the French army, nothing has occurred to shake the confidence of artillery officers in the Armstrong field-gun. It appears to be the almost unanimous opinion that this weapon is the best which has yet been produced; and even the liability to injury from rough usage, which is still apprehended by some officers, would seem, so far as a single campaign can decide such a question, to be set at rest by the severe trials to which the new artillery was exposed in the Chinese expedition.

If the Government had been contented to act upon the experience which it had gained by trials of comparatively light guns, and had postponed a final decision as to the armament of ships and fortresses until the merits of rival methods had been more completely tested, it would have been better both for the pockets of the taxpayers and the efficiency of our defences by land and sea. Instead of this, it was assumed at once that a mechanician who had contrived the best six-pounder guns would, of necessity, be equally successful with cannon of a hundred times the calibre. Very shortly after the favourable report in 1858, large orders for guns were given to Sir W. ARMSTRONG's firm, accompanied by a guarantee against any loss which might be incurred in providing the necessary plant. After a brief interval, Sir W. ARMSTRONG placed his patents at the disposal of the Government, and accepted the appointment of Superintendent of the Woolwich factory. At the same time, new contracts on an enormous scale were entered into with the Elswick firm, from which Sir W. ARMSTRONG then retired; and the guarantee was successively increased from 12,000*l.* to 50,000*l.*, and ultimately to the sum of 85,000*l.* The imprudence of thus finally closing with one system and one firm, before any effectual trial had been made of the inventions of other engineers, has been proved by the event; and the only apology which the Committee of this year are able to offer for the Government is drawn from the necessity of keeping pace with the improvements of other countries. It may be doubted whether any amount of urgency can justify precipitate action in advance of inquiry; and in this case the result has proved as usual, that haste is not always good speed.

The total expenditure on Armstrong guns and ammunition has exceeded two millions and a half, of which upwards of one million has been paid to the Elswick Company for articles supplied by them. The rest has been expended at Woolwich. A comparatively small proportion of this outlay has gone to the production of the really serviceable field artillery, and the main expenditure has been upon 40-pounders and 110-pounders, designed as broadside guns for the navy, and upon a few monster weapons of still greater power. Until the evidence is printed, it is difficult to arrive at any sound opinion as to how far this expenditure has been fruitless. The Committee are careful not to pronounce any conclusive judgment on the merits of the 40-pounder gun. Of the 110-pounder, what they do tell us is not very favourable. They say that it is not equal to the old 68-pounder for close quarters, and is especially inferior to it in its power of penetrating iron plates. They condemn it without hesitation as a broadside gun, and the only consolation they offer is, that the number already supplied to the navy is not greater than may be turned to account as chase guns. The range and accuracy of the weapon are not disputed, but the difficulty of applying the breech-loading system to heavy guns has not yet been surmounted, and the weight of authority is said to be decidedly in favour of the old-fashioned muzzle-loaders. Practically, this is a decision against the Armstrong system for heavy guns. It is true that muzzle-loaders have been constructed on what is called the Shunt system, but the Committee say that this is still an experiment, and the breech-loading plan is so

intimately connected with the whole scheme of Sir WILLIAM ARMSTRONG's artillery that, for the present at any rate, the preference given to muzzle-loaders must be regarded as something like a rejection of the Armstrong weapon.

If these views be correct (and, until the evidence is printed it is necessary to speak with caution, the Chairman's report having been carried only by a bare majority), it is impossible to escape the conclusion that a very large amount of public money has been wasted, and that, with the single exception of the field artillery, the rifled ordnance constructed both for land and sea purposes is faulty in principle, and very inferior to what it might have been if a careful course of experiment had been gone through before the Government committed itself to so vast an expenditure. Nothing of the sort was attempted. Sir WILLIAM ARMSTRONG was asked upon what series of experiments the 110-pounder was approved, and the answer was, "None at all. There was such an excessive pressure for rifled guns in the service, that there was 'no time for experiments.'" This was in 1859, and the consequence is that, in 1863, we have a Committee reporting that the different systems of Sir WILLIAM ARMSTRONG, Mr. WHITWORTH, and others ought to be "fairly experimented upon." That this was not done long since can only be accounted for by supposing that Sir WILLIAM ARMSTRONG had imbued the authorities with his own confidence in the unapproachable excellence of his gun, and the upshot is by no means favourable to contracts of so peculiar a kind as those which accompanied the introduction of Sir WILLIAM ARMSTRONG into the public service. If the mechanical success of the new ordnance had been less equivocal, there would have been little disposition to look too curiously into the profits of the Elswick firm; but while nothing short of absolute necessity could justify the construction of hundreds of large and costly guns before an experiment had been tried to ascertain their qualities, the same plea alone could suffice to excuse the improvident and extraordinary arrangements which the Government entered into with the Company. Whether any such necessity existed, it is not easy to gather from a Report which is, on the face of it, a compromise between the advocates and opponents of the Armstrong system. Probably, the evidence will throw more light on the subject, but the facts which have been allowed to find their way into the Report are sufficiently startling. It appears that a sum of 65,000*l.* has been lately paid to the Elswick Company as compensation for the determination of their agreement, and it would not, perhaps, have cost much more to furnish Woolwich with plant sufficient to have dispensed altogether with the assistance of Elswick. This, however, is but a small part of the alleged improvidence of the bargain. The Woolwich officers have instituted a comparison between the cost of similar guns and ammunition as supplied from Elswick and manufactured at Woolwich, and, if their calculations are correct, the Government have purchased, at the price of 593,000*l.*, goods which they could have produced themselves at a cost of 351,000*l.* If the other supplies from Elswick were charged for on a similar scale, the loss to the Government on the whole contract would be very nearly half a million. Of course, figures of this kind are not always to be trusted, and the members of the Elswick partnership naturally dispute their authority, but the margin is so enormous that it is scarcely credible that it can be wholly explained away. At the same time it is only fair to bear in mind that the Elswick manufacturers had a perfect right to make the best terms they could with the Government, as with any other customer. It does not follow, however, that a bargain which might be excusable on their side was not extremely unthrifty on the part of the Government; and though the Committee, after some close divisions, came to the conclusion not absolutely to pronounce a condemnation, they say quite enough to suggest more than a doubt as to the wisdom of the arrangement. The future, however, is more important than the past; and if we are compelled to give up the belief that the difficulties of constructing heavy rifled ordnance have been substantially overcome, we may at least hope that a thorough series of fair experiments will prepare the way for a second more prosperous attempt.

INFLUENCE.

ALL men, we suppose, have some sort of desire to direct the minds and actions of those about them. If a wish could do it, they would contrive that the people with whom they come in contact should like what they like, and think as they think; but circumstances are so strong against such a wish that it produces nothing practical with the majority. Never having tasted the joy of moulding other minds after their pattern, they con-

tentedly leave the world about them to take its own way, through sheer necessity or indolence. It is only when natural desire strengthens and develops into action that we recognise the quality of influence—the love of influence, which some men manifest as a passion, and the power to influence, which is the gift of a few peculiarly qualified minds. When we talk of influence, we mean, of course, that control of one mind over another which answers to the intention of the controller, not forgetting that there is another much more common form of it which effects objects wholly undesigned, and, indeed, works by contraries. No doubt, whenever a man holds his opinions strongly, and with a conscientious belief in their importance, he is right to wish others to share them, and his sense of responsibility comes in to induce him to do his best to make others share them; but we do not call a missionary's zeal love of influence, for he thinks only of his cause, and merges self in it. The love of influence, in the best sense, when stimulated by the highest motives, has some touch of egotism. It is an endeavour to impress oneself on others. A man of this turn of mind desires not only that his friend should be in the right way—should see things from the right point of view—but that he should induct him into the favourable position. He views him as a prize to be won, and wants the adherence of the less original thinker as an evidence and monument that he has not lived in vain; and this is an attitude of mind that inevitably exaggerates and distorts truth, by giving an undue prominence to the particular truths which a man has the gift of inculcating. However, we will not quarrel with this form of ambition, where the powers all converge to make it attainable. Potent influences are, indeed, alarming things; and fussy, conceited blunderers who make a determined effort after influence are amongst the world's nuisances. Again, the sort of animal subjugation which we see some tempers establish over others, the almost visible tampering and manipulation of mind over mind, is very revolting to contemplate. But opinion must have leaders, and heads must have followers. We would only hint at the very remarkable assemblage of qualities indispensable in the man who, in any large sense, has a useful and, at the same time, distinct and recognised influence upon others. Of course there is a sense in which every one is influential. We cannot live with dull or stupid people without being dulled by them; we cannot live with men of mean and sordid views without a trial to our own nobility of soul. There is no one so low or insignificant that he does not tell for good or evil upon those in actual contact with him; but we take influence, in its received sense, as the work and aim of active, intelligent, aspiring minds, and would urge on all who have designs against the free will of their neighbours to consider the array of forces that are opposed to them.

In fact, the sway of the most persuasive mind over another has a thousand counteracting influences to check and supersede it. There is the influence of circumstances, so commanding with most men as to nullify every other, showing that it needs an unusual stability and strength of innate qualities so far to resist it as to adhere to any chosen personal influence in another direction. "Tis education"—that is, implicit submission to circumstances—

Tis education forms the common mind;
Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined.
Boastful and rough, your first son is a squire;
The next a tradesman, meek, and much a liar;
Tom struts a soldier, open, bold, and brave;
Will sneaks a scrivener, an exceeding knave.
Is he a Churchman? then he's fond of power;
A Quaker? sly; a Presbyterian? sour;
A smart Free-thinker? all things in an hour.

Then there are the superior influences proper to ourselves, as distinct from class and calling—influences of our own choosing, though they seemed to reach us by accident, opening to us our resources and tendencies. There is the influence, for example, never lost or forgotten, of the first book that fell in our way, and taught us the use and meaning of reading. There is the influence of the first bright talker or original thinker that our childhood came across, lighting upon and suddenly quickening the congenial soil of as yet unformed thought, giving a direction to dawning speculation, deciding our first interests, giving the turn to our romance. Again, there are the influences of natural scenery and early association, of wit and humour that first excited our laughter, of the first deed that roused our enthusiasm, anger, or contempt—in short, whatever first made us aware of our own nature and powers, while it gave the bent to them. Most men have a degree of power which would give them average success in any department, the direction depending on some early impression. Thus, under one early influence, a man talks well, who under another would have become a writer, or, under a third, capable and ready in action. Again, there are the common influences of religion and country, moulding men into family likenesses, and apt to counteract all subsequent and self-chosen guidance; and, much more, the influence of home—not the deliberate and designed influence of precept and exhortation, but the view of things which the child first apprehends, and which returns upon the man, and keeps its hold with a persistence quite mysterious, constantly compelling him to obey a law against which abstract reason rebels. And this influence of association, at the time when what we see is to us the whole world, is only a type of the great influence of all—that of our own age—from which none can escape. We are all imperiously governed by the aggregate impressions of our own day, which together compose an atmosphere out of which we could not breathe, think, or express ourselves. Any one may realize this by setting himself to read those dreary

productions which some authors have pleased themselves with, fitly called *Dialogues of the Dead*, where men of different eras are brought together for the purpose of talk and discussion. To the reader these discourses cannot be otherwise than dull, odious, and dead, from the painful sense of incongruity, and the want of a common ground on which to found even a momentary companionship.

Against such a phalanx, it needs no small fitness and combination of powers to constitute a personal influence which shall have true guiding force. All experience might teach men that the influences which have worked on themselves have been subtle, complex, accidental, like a seed dropt by some bird of the air. Yet, when ordinary minds set about establishing an influence, either through themselves or others, they have no thought but of the clumsiest directness. They trust to dull repetitions, maxims enforced with unabating persistence, exposure to a routine of monotonous example, "sharp disputations and conclusions, which have no sympathy with the mind of man"—all which, in any but the most docile tempers, excite impatience, suggest contradiction, and send the mind in instinctive search of counter-influences to which it may give a willing allegiance.

Perhaps, however, experience and observation are not in exact accord on this question. When we come to think of the influences that have affected ourselves, which have developed our mind, and helped to form us, we are first struck with their accidental character, as opposed to the designed influences to which we were subjected; and next we observe that all we willingly recognise came to us through the instrumentality of pleasure. Painful influences have kept the mind in check, and the conscience owns their use; but such influences as men care to think of and to own are those which worked in them through some pleasant and exciting awakening of the faculties. Whatever dulls and wearies a child is driven off at the first possible opportunity. Memory tells us that what gave direction to our imagination, and wings to thought, gratified at its first entrance, and was recurred to at every opportunity because it was pleasant and congenial. And the people who excited this happy activity seem to us the people who influenced us. They amused, interested, brought us out, made us feel cleverer than we ever thought ourselves before, and never snubbed us. Bad-tempered persons cannot exercise pleasant influences. Man at every age recoils, retreats, shuts himself up against the fretfulness that worries, the contempt that sneers, the anger that storms. Nor can very busy people, whom we fear to interrupt, ever possess personal influence. All first starts of intellectual growth have associations of holiday and leisure. We are unwilling to admit the lasting dominion of harsh influences, either past or present, on ourselves. But when we look abroad for those amongst our acquaintances most open to influences, perhaps the first examples are of depressing, painful, and even malignant influence—the influence of the lower and narrower over the higher nature—the influence of heaviness, dullness, and unfavourable conditions of education and training. In others, we are ready to admit that ennobling influences have so much to contend with that it needs an extraordinary combination of good qualities and great powers in the man who exercises them. We see that one of the reasons why youth so constantly promises a nobler manhood than is achieved is, that the elevating external influence which keeps its hold for a time is overmatched in the long run by the natural bias, and by those influences of circumstances prior in date which assert their strength so soon as the enthusiasm proper to youth begins to flag. Or we observe another cause for the break-down. The influential mind being human, it may turn out in the end that it has impressed its weak, human, faulty element with a deeper stamp than the principles which it was its aim to instil. And no doubt the faults and mistakes of great founders and reformers do seem to keep a faster hold on their adherents than their avowed opinions. There is a certain morbid sense of responsibility in some minds, leading them to a perpetual effort after influence on a large and important scale, which might be repressed by observing that many persons, incapable of establishing the authority they seek over other minds in the higher fields of religion and morals, do exercise a very persuasive influence in a lower walk. This is almost uniformly the case in the religious novel. Nobody is turned from Popery or Calvinism, Low Church or High Church, by the arguments and the example of a hero in a novel; but the author may be influential in instilling into the minds of young people, by the way, much superciliousness, sentimentality, finery, contempt of classes, and longings after the unattainable in wealth and station, for these are the influences within his power and range to effect. While he regards his polemics as so many winged arrows, each with a mission for life or death, his—or perhaps it is *her*—real influence is telling unawares and performing a very different work.

Every condition of life has its lawful objects for direct influence; but, apart from the duties arising out of social and domestic relationships, very few persons have a right to set about the establishing of a deliberate influence over others from a mere sense of their own powers and fitness for the work. The influence of woman is a stock phrase, and unquestionably no social influence is more telling, either upon communities or the individual, than feminine influence unconsciously and undesignedly exercised; but a woman's studied and deliberate aim at domination—whether under the title of influence, if she seeks to rule opinion, or of management, if her talents are of a more practical turn—furnishes the readiest example of a sway at once mischievous, enervating, and narrowing. The tendency of all people engaged in this pursuit is

to remove the object of their care from collateral influences; but the circumstances and genius of women provoke them to do this more persistently than others; and their more limited view, their deeper sense of responsibility, their belief in the efficacy of advice; their stronger grasp of an object of desire from the habit of ignoring difficulties and seeing nothing beyond, all render a resolutely influential woman an inconvenient, if not a dangerous, member of society. There are, however, persons whom the world agrees to follow, round whom others cluster, from whom they willingly take their cue, whom it is pleasant to find working on our own minds with the view of leading us their way. These are the people whose vocation it is to have influence, to hold it, and to deserve it, whom nature made for the purpose of recommending a cause or winning over to a purpose. We recognise them by voice, and eye, and smile; by tact never at fault; by the sympathy that adapts itself to all tempers; by alternation of persuasion and command that win all hearts; by their way of seeming always at leisure, always at our service, with an ear always open to our difficulties and doubts. It is an enviable gift, we are ready to think, and it is so far really a gift of nature, that men can never acquire it; but we suspect, at the same time, that it involves a labour to which most of us would prefer the treadmill. To be always natural, yet always in keeping; always sympathizing, whatever our private cares; always disengaged and patient, whatever our business; always watchful, yet never betraying our vigilance—these are the conditions of success. We can only vaguely guess at the trials of habitual influence under disappointment and vain effort, under the loss of allies, the desertion of disciples, the jealousy of interference and betrayal. Nothing but the pangs of fading beauty can equal it. The thought may be enough to reconcile any one to want of success in this field. No wise man will willingly encounter the pretty universal experience of all who try for influence without the fitting tools—that of turning mere indifference into keen contradiction, and surrounding themselves with an army of bustling antagonisms.

ENGLAND AT THE SEA-SIDE.

IT has often been said that, if any one wishes to estimate the wealth of England, he ought not to go to Mayfair or Belgravia, or into Hyde Park, for every old and great European kingdom has a part of its capital where the rich display their splendour; but that he ought to traverse some of the interminable streets, terraces, crescents, and squares which lie on the edge of London, and where, for miles together, there stretch countless rows of houses, every one of which indicates that its occupier has a comfortable income. There is nothing like Tyburnia, and Bayswater, and Notting Hill in the world, except Brompton and Kensington, or the Regent's Park and St. John's Wood. At Paris, the inquiring stranger very soon finds himself at the end of the rich people, and directly he has exhausted their list, he comes down almost at a drop to the families who live in a modest way on a flat. But in London, and in all the centres of English wealth, there is an intermediate group, consisting of thousands of families who have every element of substantial comfort, who give their children a good education, eat and drink of the best, and indulge in the pleasures of a hospitality which is a little conventional perhaps, but at least permits its donors to hope they are as fine as their neighbours. The sea-side in summer and autumn awakens the same reflections. Every one seems to have money to go to the sea-side. The trains at this time of the year are laden with families, none of whom seem to think seriously of economy. It is taken for granted, in conversation, that every one can afford to move the whole of his belongings to any part of the British islands which he likes to fix on as the scene of his holidays. All Tyburnia and Bayswater, all Brompton and Kensington, and their dependencies, have money enough to go away from home in holiday time, and hire a house at the sea-side, and indulge in all the amusements of the place to which the expedition is made. This is surely very wonderful. To take several children, and a couple of nurses, and piles of luggage from one end of England to the other, and to hire a house in the season-time of watering-places, is a serious and costly undertaking, and yet it appears that every one can venture and can afford to encounter it. Perhaps the most wonderful thing is, that it should not be thought wonderful, but should be taken as a matter of course. Where does the money all come from? Every one can, we suppose, explain this in his own case; but where do other people get their money? Somebody or other must make it, and, we suppose, must work hard to make it. But who these industrious people are is obscure. In a vague way we feel that it all comes from British commerce, for professional people evidently, although they may get hold of money, do not create it. But that British commerce should indirectly send all Tyburnia and Brompton to the sea-side every year, and keep them there in the greatest comfort, is a far more marvellous aspect of what trade can do than all that poetry or oratory has imagined about the purple of Tyre, or the gardens of Babylon, or the palaces of Venice.

Anyhow, if it is British commerce that somehow sends us all to the sea-side, we ought to be very much obliged to it, for with tolerable weather, and at a tolerable place, the family life at the sea-side is one of the pleasantest things that human existence has to offer. A good deal of the pleasure is negative, but that does not make it less delightful. In the first place, there is the pleasure

of not dressing; and in these days, when children are arrayed so much more gloriously than Solomon, it is a great relief that a time of the year should come when the burthen of decoration is diminished. Perhaps all the world does not know exactly what happens when children whose mammae are particular are taken out in town for a regulation promenade. One of the victims is seized, and curled, and dressed out for the sacrifice, and then put on a chair to wait, without the movement of a limb and in solemn silence, until the whole party is ready. Then a second is dressed, and stuck up in the same way, till the process is ended by the exhaustion of the nursery. At last, under the pressure of continual assurances that they are all wicked children, they are got in a decorous and helpless way out of the house, and put into the desired file in the street, and then marched on with proper dignity, until at last the nurse meets another nurse and another set of victims, when the two servants abandon the care of infancy for gossip about their lovers, and a fitful ease pervades the little party. If with this is contrasted the negligence and rapidity of dress at the sea-side, it is no wonder that children should enjoy the change, and that parents should enjoy their enjoyment. Certainly, some people have a mania for dressing smartly at the sea-side, and it does not at first occur to the philosophical mind what possible inducement there can be. But there is a reason for everything, and it will be found that ladies who are smart at the sea-side are not without a motive. They wish to taste the pleasure of dazzling a population, which they understand to be simple, with the sight of silks and bonnets with which the wearers know that their own friends are unfortunately familiar; and they hope that they thus combine, with some ingenuity, the gratification of being admired with the gratification of feeling themselves economical. The other great negative pleasure of the sea-side holiday is the absence of the governess. The children have, of course, the delight of the holiday, and the absence of any call to read hard books. But the pleasure of the children is quite a trifle to that of the parents. To be free from the constraint of having a governess in the house, and to have a little cessation in her attendance at meals, is a joy that touches nearly the family heart. That this should be so casts no blame on the governesses themselves. They may have behaved as admirably as possible, but still it is a relief to be a little while without them. The constant presence of any stranger in a family would be felt by most married couples as a bore, and the tedium is increased, in the case of governesses, by the rules of behaviour which they in most instances impose on themselves. Two of these rules seem to be, never to speak, and always to eat as little as possible, when any gentlemen, including the master of the house, are present. Very probably this is all right, and much to their credit. It may show their tact, and modesty, and good sense. But although she may have every virtue under the sun, a silent woman who does not eat is one of those companions at meals who remind us that life is a grind. Of course, there are exceptions; and there may be, for all we know, hundreds of governesses who are the most agreeable, and cheerful, and unconstrained of their sex. But still they are exceptions, and most governesses behave with that kind of propriety which wins admiration, and awakens a hearty desire to get away from it. Old clothes and no governess are, therefore, sources of innocent pleasure to most families at the sea-side; and let us be thankful for them to British commerce, if that is the favouring deity that bestows these items of transitory good fortune.

When we survey English families at the sea-side, we may naturally be struck, not only with the vastness of national wealth which all this comfort indicates, but also with the apparent probability that here is all on earth that wealth has to give. We do not see that any addition to the wealth and comfort thus indicated is any real gain to the possessor. It is a very good thing for the nation that there should be large fortunes, that there should be in every county families who can preside over local affairs, and keep up a certain degree of state, just as it is a very good thing for the country that there should be a Sovereign and a Royal Family. It is also an excellent thing that men who have the opportunity of accumulating capital should do so, and should heap together splendid fortunes. On the other hand, there are many of the best things on earth that wealth cannot buy—religious fervour, intellectual eminence, the poetry of affection, absorption in a great cause. But, so far as wealth commands happiness, we venture to think that it does command it for English families who go to the sea-side, and that it does not command it more for those who may have more wealth. We do not know of any rational wish which an Englishman with two thousand a-year cannot gratify, except that of governing his fellows. He cannot go into public life, but he has access to all those indirect ways of influencing public affairs which are open, in England, to every man of capacity; and the cases in which any singular aptitude for public life can be said to exist, without actual proof, are too few to make the exception of any importance. Every other want a moderate fortune will supply, without the bore of having to combat or succumb to endless dependents, of living under the surveillance of legions of servants, and of having to defend a position against the attacks of other grandees. Mr. Mill meant the same thing when he said that a country like England was to be reckoned fortunate in proportion to the number of families it contained possessing each an income of five hundred a year. The only thing is, that Mr. Mill, in our opinion, put the limit much too low. He was probably thinking of the Continent, and of all the refinement, and dignity, and elegance that are sometimes to be

found in Continental families whose incomes are not larger. But it is a great mistake to judge of a whole nation by very favourable examples. Even in England, although living is here rather dearer, we do not doubt that there are good-sized families living on five hundred a year, where all is refinement and elegance, where the children are all clean and well-mannered, where a high standard of education is kept up, and where there is no feeling of exclusion from society. Among the clergy, more especially, it would be easy to find numerous examples. But every one knows, who knows the interior of such families, that such a result is not obtained without a great struggle, nor without the family having some very good basis to start with in the education and position of the parents. Ordinary people could not do so much with so little. They cannot dispense with the help of good teaching and good schools, and the interchange of neighbouring hospitalities, and access to books and large towns, and foreign countries. These are the helps to education and manners on which they rely, and we may be sure that they are right in doing so. That kind of income which is indicated by the family trip to the sea carries with it substantial advantages which no one who reflects on their value would deny.

These gatherings together of English families at the sea-side also suggest to us, in some measure, how the present formation of public opinion differs from what it was thirty years ago. At the sea-side, people of all kinds, and classes, and counties, and interests, are brought together. They do not mix with any degree of familiarity, and steadily erect between each other satisfactory barriers of a judicious and dignified stiffness. But they cannot help affecting each other. They all do the same things, and have the same amusements. Innocent sins, such as attending concerts and raffling for cushions at bazaars, do not seem so dreadful, even to the strictest of recluses, when all the world at a little watering-place is bent on them. Everybody wants to read, but the libraries can only afford to have the works of popular authors, and so an involuntary pause is made in the perusal of purely sectarian literature. Small sea-side places cannot be expected to provide accommodation for a variety of creeds, and so Dissenters go to church. In fact, Dissenters often get in this way to be very good Churchmen, and quietly renounce a mode of belief which is incompatible with taking a leading position in a genteel little town or village. This conversion of Dissenters sometimes provokes a smile, but there is not really any change of opinion which is more satisfactory. In a silent and comfortable way they float out of the region of petty bigotry into a region which is constantly penetrated by the thought of educated men. They have had a happy unconscious growth upwards, almost like that of well-watered vegetables. In our generation, the greater part of all the advance of English opinion is substantially of this kind. The minds of men are getting less angular, rigid, and local, and that which we may observe at the sea-side is only a type of what is going on throughout the kingdom.

HASTY INFERENCES.

THERE is probably no pursuit which is wholly free from the danger of what is called leaping to conclusions, especially in the form of generalizing from insufficient data. But nowhere is this danger more common, or more likely to lead people astray, than in the historical view of politics. There is nothing so tempting as an historical analogy; there is nothing so instructive when the analogy really holds; there is nothing so thoroughly misleading when the analogy is not based on any sure ground. The readiest and most thoroughly misleading form of this error is to draw some hasty general inference from perhaps one single example, most commonly from some example which is happening before our own eyes. A particular nation or a particular form of government is either condemned as worthless in all times and places, or cried up as the model for all times and places, on the strength of its failure or its success in some particular case of which men's minds happen to be full at the time. Now a wider knowledge of the past will show that it is not fair to draw general inferences from any one particular instance. If a form of government succeeds or fails in some one time and place, it does not at all follow that it will succeed or fail in any other time or place; because its success or failure may, and probably does, depend upon the circumstances of the time and place where it has so succeeded or failed. How much is owing to intrinsic merit, how much to adaptation to circumstances, can only be decided by the calm consideration of several analogous cases. And the wider the ground taken, the more inclined the inquirer will be to the conclusion that there is hardly such a thing as intrinsic merit in a form of government. Assuming a few great principles of natural justice, which are the same always and everywhere, a form of government is good or bad according as it suits the time and place where it is established. In the same way, the capacities of races and nations to do this or that are assumed with equal haste, from equally insufficient data, and with equal disregard of the circumstances which commonly determine the result of the experiment. Undoubtedly certain races and nations have some qualities and some capacities more strongly marked than others, but it would require a very long induction indeed to show that such a nation always does so and so, and that such a nation never does. And to make this sort of inference from events which are happening before our own eyes is the most dangerous thing of all. In a certain sense, we know more about events which are now actually

happening than about any other events, but in another sense there are no events about which we know so little. Of an event that happened this year—the taking of Vicksburg, the taking of Mexico, the marriage of the Prince of Wales, or anything else that we please—we know the details, the immediate occasion, the immediate result, the way in which people feel and speak about it at the time, incomparably better than we can know all these things about an event which happened a hundred or a thousand years ago. But the ultimate results—the way in which it will be permanently spoken of—we can, of course, only guess; and the real causes, as distinguished from the immediate occasions, we are seldom calm enough and patient enough to work out. In short, in the case of a present event, we have more knowledge of the event itself taken alone; in the case of a past event, we have more knowledge of its general position, and its relation to other events before and after it. What is going on before our own eyes will often explain the past; it will often be explained by the past; but it is never safe to rely on our own interpretation of the events of yesterday as a certain guide to the events of to-morrow.

Hasty inferences of this sort are the more dangerous because, like most popular mistakes, they commonly contain a certain measure of truth. A popular notion is seldom wholly untrue. It generally consists of one side of a truth looked at by itself, without thinking of the other sides. The hasty inference, the false historical analogy, commonly starts from some real groundwork of fact; the error is to forget the existence of other facts which ought to modify the conclusion. If a form of government breaks down, it proves that there is something wrong either in itself or in its application; but, as the wrong may be only in the application, the same form may very well succeed somewhere else. If a form of government succeeds, it proves that it is happily adapted to its time and place, but it does not prove that it may not break down in any other time or place. The hasty, exaggerated inference that it must always succeed or always fail has a certain groundwork of fact to go upon; only it forgets other facts, often facts not of remote history, but of the present time. Thus it is often said that the French people are inherently incapable of political freedom. There is much, both in present and past history, to give a colour to the conclusion. There is quite enough to show that the establishment of political freedom in France is more difficult than it is in some other countries. But it is a mere hasty inference which leaps from difficulty to impossibility. Undoubtedly, both the national character and the past facts of French history do put difficulties in the way; but it by no means follows that those difficulties can never be got over. National character certainly goes for something, but, as national character itself is largely the result of past circumstances, so it is possible that it may be modified by present circumstances. The many failures to establish constitutional liberty in France may be explained in other ways. The tendency to sudden, sweeping, theoretical reforms is undoubtedly part of the French national character, but it has probably been made so by the past facts of French history, and it is possible that the error may be unlearned by experience. The facts of our history have never tempted us to theorize in the like manner. We have found out that a system built up bit by bit is likely to answer best in the long run. It is possible that the same process is just now beginning in France. A Constitutional Opposition may be the most effectual, though the slowest and least brilliant, way of getting rid of the present despotism. To win point by point from the grasp of a tyrant practises a nation in the acquisition of freedom; it calls forth greater qualities than the violent upsetting of a government and the drawing up of a brand-new constitution. The present attempt may fail, but it begins very hopefully, and, while it is on its trial, we have no right to say that political freedom in France is impossible.

We saw, the other day, a similar hasty inference about Poland. It was argued that, because there have been certain dissensions among the Polish leaders, and because Mickiewicz has put out a violent proclamation against Czartoriski, therefore it would be impossible, or at least specially difficult, for Poland, if set free, to form any sort of permanent government. Here is undoubtedly a difficulty, but it is a difficulty in no way peculiar to Poland; it is the common difficulty of all revolutionary movements. A hasty observer, looking at this Polish insurrection, and not thinking about insurrections in general, sets it down as something very wonderful and horrible that any two Poles should differ at such a moment, and infers that Poland lies under some special disqualification for union or permanent government. A general survey of history soon teaches that dissensions of this sort are the common accompaniment of all revolutions, and yet that some revolutions have succeeded in spite of them. In fact, the general amount of union in Poland, and the general obedience paid to the mysterious National Government at Warsaw, is the really remarkable thing. No doubt it would be better if the Poles were more united still; but if anybody expects men engaged in an irregular movement to act exactly like the disciplined agents of a regular government, he is expecting what human nature will hardly allow.

Again, people constantly infer the weakness and worthlessness of all Federal government, because one Federal government has lately been split into two. For a monarchy to be split into two has happened so often that nobody draws any inferences against monarchy from the fact. Nobody argues that all kingly government is weak and bad, because Greece separated from Turkey, because Belgium separated from Holland, because Poland is trying to separate from Russia. The disruption of a monarchy is so

common that people are content to blame the particular monarchy in question, without drawing general conclusions unfavourable to all monarchies. But as Federations are comparatively scarce, the disruption of a Federation is something unusual and striking; people look at and speculate about it, and draw general inferences from it. The odd use of the word "Federal" now in fashion blinds them to the fact that there are at least two other Federal governments in the world to which their objections do not apply. Switzerland, since its government assumed the perfect Federal form, has shown no signs of disunion, and certainly no one has complained of lack either of vigour or of union in the Government and people of the Confederate States. Yet it would be just as foolish to argue, from the vigour and union of the South, that all Federal governments must be strong and united, as to argue that they are necessarily weak and worthless because the South has seceded, and because President Lincoln has done many illegal things. The different circumstances of the two cases easily explain the difference without any general inference at all. But how little people know what they are talking about, how they accustom themselves to use words without attaching any meaning to them, is shown by a prophecy which we lately read, that Mr. Lincoln would soon abolish all State rights, and set up a "Federal despotism." To this writer the word "Federal" was a purely geographical expression; it did not in the least convey to him that it meant a particular kind of government. Otherwise hardly any one would have failed to see that a "Federal despotism" is a contradiction in terms. If State rights are abolished, and a despotism, or any other "consolidated" power, is established, the government at once ceases to be "Federal."

Nationality, again, is a subject on which people are always making hasty inferences. Race is everything, because certain Germans dislike a Danish government, or because Poland, artificially divided, still feels as a united nation. It is just as easy to argue that race is nothing, because certain German provinces have learned cheerfully to acquiesce in absorption by France, or because the Norman islanders are among the most loyal subjects of the Queen of England. One inference would be just as hasty as the other. The general experience of history rejects both. It teaches that race—or rather language as the practical exponent of race—is one element, and a most important element, perhaps more important than any other single element, in the complex idea of nationality, but that it may, under certain circumstances, be outweighed by other elements. Switzerland, Greece, Scotland, are all examples of purely artificial nations, in which geographical, political, or religious causes have led men to withdraw their sympathy from men of their own blood and race, and to transfer it to those who are naturally strangers.

Is history, then, a confused mass of isolated events, from which no general inferences at all can be drawn? Far from it; only they must not be drawn hastily from insufficient data, and we must remember the wise saying of Sir George Lewis, that a negative inference may often be quite as valuable as a positive one. It may save endless false judgments, endless practical blunders, if we merely realize that no form of government is essentially good or bad, but that any one may succeed or fail according to the circumstances under which it finds itself. Nothing but pure political pedantry could have dictated it as a condition to Greece that her form of government should be a constitutional monarchy of the received type, such as answers in England and in Northern Italy. Historical experience would have shown that what Greece wanted was a real ruler, by whatever title, a genuine *ἀναξ ἀνδρῶν*, enjoying far more personal power, and receiving infinitely less personal homage, than falls to the lot of a regulation constitutional king. While Europe is haggling about details, Greece at last falls into the anarchy from which she had so long and so wonderfully kept herself. Here again is plenty of room for hasty inference. It is very shocking that two parties should come to blows, and that there should be fighting in the streets of Athens. Now the real wonder is that it did not come long before. A people without anything to be really called a government, first waiting for one king and then for another, and without the excitement and danger of a war to keep them together, has seldom remained quiet so long. A people in such a condition is at the mercy of the first ambitious man who can command an armed following. The real ground of fear for Greece, as for the Northern States of America, is not that there has been a certain amount of bloodshed and of illegality of various kinds, but that a great crisis has not, in either country, turned up a great man. Heroes are not always wanted, for in quiet times they are often more plague than profit; but in times of revolution we want them, and expect them. It is a bad sign for any nation when in the day of need they are not forthcoming.

HATRED.

MÉNAGE says, somewhere or other, that we should be careful not to hate *gratis*—that is to say, he explains, "from antipathy." It required much acuteness and much knowledge of the world to load words so slender with such a weight of meaning. For if life is full of disappointments in love, it may be said, in another point of view, to be equally full of blunders in hatred. Fielding tells us that the great lesson in life is to learn to buy nothing too dear; and Ménage's application of the rule is, not to sell your hatred for nothing. But although this is the humorous sense which lies on the surface of his words, they

cover one of the widest and most painful tracts of human feeling. As soon as we begin to put two thoughts together, we begin to hate, no less than to love, and the whole universe of things and men seems at first to be roughly divided between our loves and hatreds. And those whose feelings run furthest in one direction are apt also to go to the other extreme. Life might almost be described as one long training of our sympathies and antipathies. We must all of us be conscious of the gradual shifting, the gradual wear and tear, the slow detritus of our early antipathies. Later life is generally much less prone to instinctive aversion. Men gradually learn not to give their hatred *gratis*. They have come to know the price of their whistle. Perhaps the temper of mind they have arrived at is less lofty, but it is more rational, and nearer the truth. And if their sentiments of hostility savour more of calculation than of romance, they are less likely to fall into the illusion of the young mouse on her entrance into life, who thought the gallant cock the most terrible of monsters, but fell straightway in love with the cat as the most angelic of beings.

In earlier days, as in their love, so ardent characters take a conscious pride in the spontaneity and exuberance of their hatred. Hatred for its own sake seems more natural than hatred for an injury. "I hate him, because I hate him," seems more noble, just as "I hate him, because he has done me harm," seems too sordid and mean in the eyes of generous youth. Thus the first tendency of the very young is to hate things for what they are, rather than for the way in which they affect oneself. But it would be more accurate to say that early hatred attaches to things for what they seem to be, rather than for what they really are. The mask imposes upon youth, and acts upon the young imagination as a scarlet cloth upon a Spanish bull. Thus the tender girl, who comes out for her first season in London, is apt to fancy that every man with a big beard and a stern countenance is a Socrates, of a stern, superhuman disposition, who lives in contemplation and the clouds. If he has hard features, she immediately concludes that he has a hard heart and a bad temper. But if his face is smooth, his brow clear, and he has a laughing blue eye, though he be a very Iago of deceit and cruelty, she will endow his disposition with all the soft attributes of his countenance. Nor is she to be blamed. Are not men, to their dying day, beguiled by pretty faces and soft voices in women? Even Le Rochefoucauld thought the subject worth speculating upon, and puzzled his clever brain to account for the discrepancy between the appearance and the reality. It may, indeed, be said that the instinctive aversions of childhood and youth are often more rational than they seem. The voice of nature is never to be despised. And probably the instinct of youth is coextensive with its wants. Nor does it follow, because in later life we have learnt to love and appreciate a character which repelled us as children, that such a character ought, when we were younger, to have suited us. A child is not expected to sympathize with hoary statesmanship and learning hidden behind the mask of a rugged visage and uncouth form. Still, on the whole, the balance of experience is that our early aversions are too often misplaced, and that, as we grow older, and wiser, and more worldly—as our intellectual and moral wants become more manifold and intricate—so the early milk of purely external good-nature, which is the child's ideal, ceases to satisfy us, and we learn to sympathize with and see the use and excellence of many characters and many views some of which were in the highest degree repulsive to us. Nor can anything be objected to this, for, after all, the process only brings us nearer to that Power which looks intelligently and benignly on the infinitude of things and men.

It may be doubted whether many people speculate upon the nature of hatred in general, or examine very carefully into the nature of their own hatreds in particular. Like fire, hatred, however it may burn, is an awkward thing to handle. And we seem more busy, when we are once a-blaze, to find excuses for being on fire, and for letting the fire burn out, than anxious to put a stop to it, or to understand its exact bearings. Hatred and love are, it is true, at the opposite poles to one another. But it does not seem that either indifference or friendship lies on the line between the two. Indifference and friendship do not strictly belong to early youth. They are later and artificial developments. A child loves or hates, likes or dislikes. A child is rarely indifferent, and can scarcely understand friendship—which is a limited, defined, and, as it were, constitutional form of attachment, with its tacit customs, rules, and laws, essentially distinct from the "all or nothing" of love, but, on the other hand, requiring far more delicate management. There is, indeed, friendship and friendship; and we may pass from indifference to some kinds of friendship, and from friendship to indifference, more easily than from either to hatred or love. But it is easier for hatred to pass into love, or for love to pass into hatred, than for either to pass into real indifference. Where real love or hatred has ever fairly entered, a flutter of attention commonly outlives its departure, which shows that true indifference will never more be possible. Perhaps a touch of indifference is the safest foundation on which to build a lasting and delicate friendship. Nothing on the direct line of passion which runs between love and hatred is ever quite safe. And a touch of ice lends charms to the warmest feelings and the most loyal attachments, which none but very highly organized minds can appreciate. The worst that can happen to a friendship which has arisen out of indifference is to return to indifference. But passionate love is never secure from sudden gusts of hatred, as it is never certain that hatred may not pass into ardent

love. It is, indeed, true that, from indifference, men and women are often known to pass into love, through friendship. But such love will generally be a feeble love, a weakling passion. A love like this is too feeble to travel into hatred, and gradually falls back into indifference. La Bruyère says that the most difficult form of love to cure is love at first sight. And so hatred at first sight ought also to last the longest. Possibly it does. Be this as it may, as a rule, it will be admitted that, except in peculiar cases, hatred gradually disappears with increased familiarity—and a great consolation this is. On the one hand, we make more allowance for defects which we can understand, and for consequences which we can calculate and guard against. On the other, a more intimate acquaintance corrects many errors, and dispels many illusions into which people are apt to fall regarding those whom they do not know.

There are, however, certain characters, and those not by any means the worst, to whom the indulgence of a good hot hatred is as refreshing and delightful—we should rather say, delicious—as the luxury of love is to others. And this is intelligible. Love and hatred being on the same line of passionate emotion, the only difference with them is, that the habitual emotion which constitutes their life lies nearer to the pole of hatred. One might almost say, but for the fear of a paradox, that hatred is, in fact, the form love takes in them. It is their form of passionate care and attention. Instead of the slow and agonizing simmer of love, theirs is the slow, and to them delicious, simmer of hatred. Nor is this state of things without analogy among the lower animals. The male spider so loves the female that he puts her to death and eats her if she does not run away. This, however, she takes very great pains to do, though she does not always succeed in doing it, and then she pays the penalty of having inspired that form of love which is hatred. So among men, who among them all embody the perfect circle and encyclopædia of sublimity sentiment, there are those to whom a good hatred is naturally congenial. It is a perpetual source of life, and a flip to the full sense of overflowing existence. Love, even the most passionate love, is probably not to be compared for intensity of sensation with a full-blown hatred. It is, in fact, in the nature of a sweet emotion, though the fruit be bitter. So, in nature, the most poisonous plants may bear lovely blossoms to the sun, and their fruit may have a certain beauty to the eye. And these plants have a growth and an enjoyment, so far as life is an enjoyment, of their own. And as poison is the life of these plants, hatred is the life of certain natures. They regard a state of hatred as veterans regard the state of war—namely, as a glorious and noble, and not unlovely, condition, to which death may indeed be incidental, but only under more chivalrous rules. Those who hate in this manner are not unfrequently otherwise of a very noble and lofty disposition, filled with the most magnificent sentiments. Such persons are apt to be even more jealous than the most loyal friend can be, towards those whom they hate, of all the recognized formularies, of all the courtesies and amenities of warfare. Many a shortcoming which a friend would innocently permit himself to fall into towards another friend, they would be inconsolable if they were guilty of towards the tenderly-cherished object of their tenderly-cherished aversion. It would almost seem as if this form of hatred were in the nature of the intensest occupation vouchsafed to mankind.

We have said that the instinctive hatreds of youth grow fewer in number with increasing years. It may be questioned, however, whether intercourse with the world, and the habits of mind engendered by active pursuits, do not expose men to other fits, equally blind, sudden, and uncontrollable, of hatred, arising out of sudden misconception, imagined slights, fancied insults, and hypothetical wrongs. A novelist may come to the irresistible conclusion that such and such a journalist, and no other, must certainly be the man who wrote that horrid article upon his or her pet novel. Or a politician may be quite sure that such a writer, and no other, made that offensive remark about him in a leading article. One of the most curious parts of a journalist's experience who happens to be behind the scenes is to observe how many persons feel quite sure, first, that particular articles are written by particular men; and, next, that such and such passages were especially aimed at them. It is needless to add how, almost universally, they are at fault. Again, how frequently does it happen that a look, a word, an uplifted eyebrow, the twinkle of an eye, an imperceptible smile, a cut in the street, a yawn, a joke, a tone of voice, an infinitesimal slight, perfectly accidental and unintentional, probably unconscious—or if not unconscious, without any reference to present circumstances, or if with any such reference, of the most casual kind, and forgotten the next moment—how often do trifles such as these lay the foundation of deep and lasting enmities towards persons wholly innocent of such terrible consequences! Hatreds like these may and do arise out of what may fairly be called nothing. They may also have a solid foundation in substantial and irreparable but unintentional injury, and even then the person who has committed it may be wholly unaware of the sentiments entertained towards him or her. The discovery of unexpected hatred is one of the most painful experiences in life—so painful that it is not to be wondered at if Englishmen, perhaps the most sensitive of human beings, become in the long run so guarded, reserved, and fenced about in formalities.

If it is melancholy to look back upon the long desert of feeling and waste of life implied in misplaced and bootless affections lavished upon objects worthless or unattainable, there is not unfrequently some compensation in the softening and elevating

influence of the feelings themselves. But there can be little compensation for the poignant regrets with which men must look back upon the corroding effects of inveterate hatreds, if at any time they discover that in reality they have been blind victims of a wretched hallucination, and that, had they but known it, the objects of their ignorant aversion were actually most worthy and deserving of their love. But, even without such a discovery, the time will usually come when a reflecting mind, in calmer moments, considers the nothingness of the object in comparison with the immensity of the emotion. Perhaps, indeed, the particular hatred may have become a habit and a necessity. But the object of it has dwindled into nothing, the body lies shrivelled up within the hardened shell, beyond the power of remaining years to resuscitate or soften it. Those who are subject to this form of hatred make no display of it. They are only conscious of a petrification, lying somewhere in the heart of their being, inert, innoxious, but hard, round which the daily ripple of their sensibilities oscillates and plays without response, as the tide frets round the basement of the unconscious cliff. These are not, perhaps, the commonest cases, but to describe all the varieties of hatred would be to pass half the morbid anatomy of the human mind in review.

NOTES OF THE MATTERHORN IN 1862.

FOUR years ago we had not entertained a wish or a thought regarding the climbing of the Matterhorn. Indeed, assailing mountains of any kind was then but an accidental interlude to less exciting occupations upon the glaciers of the Alps. But in 1859 Mr. Vaughan Hawkins had inspected the mountain from Breuil, and in 1860, on the strength of this inspection, he invited us to join him in an attack upon the untrodden peak. Staggered, at first, by the hardihood of the proposal, it required some persuasion to make us agree to it, which, however, we finally did. Guided by Johann Benen, and accompanied by an old chamois hunter named Carrel, we tried the mountain, but had to halt midway among its precipices. We returned to Breuil with the belief that, if sufficient time could be secured, the summit—at least, *one* summit—might be won. Had we felt that we had done our best on this occasion, we should have relinquished all further thought of the mountain; but, unhappily, we felt the reverse, and thus a little cloud of dissatisfaction hung round the memory of the attempt. In 1861, we once more looked at the Matterhorn, but were then forbidden to set foot upon it. Finally, in 1862, the desire to finish what we felt to be a piece of work only half completed beset us so strongly that we resolved to make a last attack upon the unconquered hill.

The resolution, as a whole, may have been a rash one, but there was no rashness displayed in the carrying out of its details. We did not ignore the law of gravity, but felt, on the contrary, that the strongest aspirations towards the summit of the Matterhorn would not prevent precipitation to its base through a false step or a failing grasp. The general plan which we proposed to ourselves was this:—Two first-rate guides were to be engaged, and, to leave their arms free, they were to be accompanied by two strong and expert porters. The party was thus to consist of five in all. During the ascent it was proposed that three of those men should always be, not only out of danger, but attached firmly to the rocks; and while they were thus secure, it was thought that the remaining two might take liberties, and commit themselves to ventures which would otherwise be inexcusable or impossible. With a view to this, we had a rope specially manufactured in London, and guaranteed by its maker to bear a far greater strain than we were ever likely to throw upon it. A light ladder was also constructed, the two sides of which might be carried as huge Alpenstocks, while its steps, which could be inserted at any moment, were strapped upon a porter's back. Long iron nails and a hammer were also among our appliances. Actual experience considerably modified these arrangements, and compelled us in almost all cases to resort to methods as much open to a savage race as to people acquainted with the mechanical arts.

Throughout the latter half of July, rumours from the Matterhorn were rife in the Bernese Oberland, and we felt an extreme dislike to add to the gossip. Wishing, moreover, that others who desired it might have a fair trial at the mountain, we lingered for nearly three weeks among the Bernese and Valaisian Alps. This time, however, was not wasted. It was employed in burning up the effete matters which nine months' work in London had lodged in our muscles—in rescuing the blood from that fatty degeneration which a sedentary life is calculated to induce. We displaced the air of a laboratory by that of the Wetterhorn, the Galenstock, and of the mountains which surround the Great Aletsch ice-river. Each succeeding day added to our physical and moral strength. There is assuredly morality in the oxygen of the mountains, as there is immorality in the miasma of a marsh. A higher power than mere brute strength lies latent in the fibres of Alpine mutton. We are recognising more and more the influence of physical elements in the moral conduct of life. When the blood flows through it in a purer current, the heart is capable of a higher glow. Thus the Alps improve us *totally*, and we return from their precipices wiser as well as stronger men.

It is usual for the proprietor of the hotel on the Eggischhorn to retain a guide for excursions in the neighbourhood; and last year he happened to have in his employment one Walters, a man of superior strength and energy. He was the house companion of

Benen, who was loud in his praise. Thinking it would strengthen Benen, hand and heart, to have so tried a man beside him, we engaged Walters, and we all then set off with cheerful spirits to Zermatt. Thence we proceeded over the Matterjoch; and as we descended to Breuil, we looked long at the dangerous eminences to our right, among which we were to trust ourselves in a day or two. There was nothing jubilant in either our thoughts or conversation; the character of the work before us quelled presumption. We felt nothing that could be called confidence as to the issue of the enterprise, but we also felt the inner compactness and determination of men who, though they know their work to be difficult, feel no disposition to shrink from it. The Matterhorn, in fact, was our temple, and we approached it with feelings not unworthy of so sacred a shrine. Arrived at Breuil, we found that a gentleman, whose long perseverance merited victory, was then upon the mountain. The succeeding day we spent in scanning the crags and in making preparations. At night, the gentleman referred to returned from the Matterhorn, having left his tent upon the rocks. In the frankest spirit, he placed it at our disposal, and thus relieved us from the necessity of carrying up our own. At Breuil we engaged two porters, both named Carrel, the youngest of whom was the son of the Carrel who accompanied Mr. Hawkins in 1860, while the other was old Carrel's nephew. He had served as a soldier in three campaigns, and had fought at the battle of Solferino; his previous habits of life rendered him an extremely handy and useful companion, and his climbing powers proved also very superior.

About noon on an August day, we disentangled ourselves from the hotel, first slowly sauntering along a small green valley, but soon meeting the bluffs, which indicated our approach to uplifted land. The bright grass of the valley was quickly left behind, and soon afterwards we were toiling laboriously upward among the rocks. The Val Tournanche is bounded on the right by a chain of mountains, the higher end of which abutted, in former ages, against Matterhorn. But now a gap is cut out between both, and a saddle stretches from the one to the other. From this saddle a kind of couloir runs downwards, widening out gradually and blending with the gentler slopes below. We held on to the rocks to the left of this couloir, until we reached the base of a precipice which fell sheer from the summits above. Water trickled from the upper ledges, and the descent of a stone at intervals admonished us that gravity had here more serious missiles at command than the drippings of the liquefied snow. So we moved with prudent speed along the base of the precipice, crossing at one place the ice-gully where Mr. Wympner nearly lost his life. Immediately afterwards we found ourselves upon the saddle which stretches with the curvature of a chain to the base of the true Matterhorn. The opening out of the western mountains from this point of view is grand and impressive, and with our eyes and hearts full of the scene, we moved along the saddle, and soon came to rest upon the first steep crags of the real Monarch of the Alps.

Here we paused, unlocked our scrip, and had some bread and wine. Again and again we looked to the cliffs above us, ignorant of the treatment that we were to receive at their hands. We had gathered up our traps, and bent to the work before us, when suddenly an explosion occurred overhead. We looked aloft and saw in mid-air a solid shot from the Matterhorn describing its proper parabola, and finally splitting into fragments as it smote one of the rocky towers in front. Down the scattered fragments came like a kind of spray, slightly wide of us, but still near enough to compel a sharp look-out. Two or three such explosions occurred, but we chose the back-fin of the mountain for our track, and from this the falling stones were speedily deflected right or left. Before the set of sun we reached our place of bivouac. A roomy tent was already there, and we had brought with us an additional light one, intended to afford accommodation to a single person: It was pitched in the shadow of a great rock, which seemed to offer a safe barrier against the cannonade from the heights. Carrel, the soldier, built a platform, on which he placed the tent, for the mountain itself furnished no level space of sufficient area. Meanwhile, fog, that enemy of the climber, came creeping up the valleys, while dense flocks of cloud gathered round the hills. As night drew near, the fog thickened through a series of intermittences which a mountain-land alone can show. Sudden uprushings of air would often carry the clouds aloft in vertical currents, while horizontal gusts swept them wildly to and fro. Different currents impinging upon each other sometimes formed whirling cyclones of cloud. The air was tortured in its search of equilibrium. Sometimes all sight of the lower world was cut away—then again the fog would melt and show us the sunny pastures of Breuil smiling far beneath. Sudden peals upon the heights, succeeded by the sound of tumbling rocks, announced, from time to time, the disintegration of the Matterhorn. We were quite swathed in fog when we retired to rest, and had scarcely a hope that the morrow's sun would be able to dispel the gloom. Throughout the night the rocks roared intermittently, as they rolled and flew down the adjacent couloir. We opened our eyes at midnight, and through a minute hole in the canvas of our tent saw a star. We rose and found the heavens swept clear of clouds, while above us the solemn battlements of the Matterhorn projected themselves against the blackened sky.

At 2 A.M. we were astir. Carrel made the fire, boiled the water, and prepared our coffee. It was 4 A.M. before we had fairly started. We adhered as long as possible to the hacked and weather-worn spine of the mountain, until at length its disintegration

became too vast. The alternations of sun and frost have made wondrous havoc on the southern face of the Matterhorn; but they have left brown-red masses of the most imposing magnitude behind—pillars, and towers, and splintered obelisks, grand in their hoariness—savage, but still softened by the colouring of age. The mountain is a gigantic ruin; but its firmer masonry will doubtless bear the shocks of another million years. We were compelled to quit the ridge, which now swept round and fronted us like a wall. The weather had cleft the rock cleanly away, leaving smooth sections, with here and there a ledge barely competent to give a man footing. It was manifest that for some time our onset must be desperate. We examined the precipices and exchanged opinions. Benen swerved right and left to render his inspection complete. There was no choice; over this wall we must go, or give up the attempt. We reached its base, and roped ourselves together. Walters was first, and Benen second, both exchanging pushes and pulls. Walters, holding on with his finger ends to the narrow ledge above, scraped his ironshod boots against the face of each successive cliff, thus partially lifting himself by friction. Benen was close behind, aiding him with an arm, a knee, or a shoulder. Once upon a ledge, he was able to give Benen a pull. Thus we advanced, straining, bending, and clinging to the rocks with heads perfectly cool, but with a grasp like that of desperation. We perched upon the ledges in succession—first making our leader secure, and accepting his help afterwards. A last strong effort threw the body of Walters across the top of the wall; and, he once safe, our success thus far was secured.

We were now once more upon the ridge, with safe footing on the ledged strata of the disintegrated gneiss. Pushing upward, we approached the conical summit seen from Breuil—the peak, however, being the end of a nearly horizontal ridge foreshortened from below. But before us, and assuredly, as we thought, within our grasp, was the highest point of the renowned Matterhorn. "Well," we remarked to Benen, "we shall at all events win the lower summit." "That will not satisfy us, Sir," was his reply. I knew that he would answer thus, for a laugh of elation, which had something of scorn in it, had burst from the party when the true summit came in view. We felt perfectly certain of success; not one amongst us harboured a thought of failure. "In an hour," cried Benen, "the people at Zermatt shall see our flag planted on the highest point." Up we went in this spirit, with a forestalled triumph making our ascent a jubilee. We reached the first summit, and planted a flag upon it. But before reaching it, Walters had remarked, with reference to the last bit of the mountain, "We may still find difficulty there." The same thought had brooded darkly for awhile in all minds; still, it angered us slightly to hear misgiving audibly expressed. The nearer, however, we came to the summit, the more formidable did the precipice which still separated us from it appear. From the point on which we had planted our first flagstaff, a hacked and extremely acute ridge ran, and abutted against the final precipice. Along this we moved cautiously, while the face of the precipice came clearer and clearer into view. The ridge on which we stood ran right against it; it was the only means of approach, while the most ghastly abysses loomed on either side. We sat down, and inspected the place; no glass was needed, it was so near. Three out of the four men muttered almost simultaneously, "It is impossible." Benen was the only man of the four who did not utter the word. A jagged stretch of the ridge still separated us from the precipice. We pointed to a spot at some distance from the place where we sat, and asked the three men whether that point might not be reached without much danger. "We think so," was the reply. "Then let us go there." We reached the place, and sat down again. The men muttered despairingly, while Benen growled like a foiled lion. "We must give it up," chimed the three men. "Softly, please; you see yonder point at the base of the precipice; can we not reach that point without much risk?" The reply was, "Yes." "Then let us go there." We moved cautiously along, and reached the point aimed at. The ridge was here split by a deep cleft which separated it from the final precipice, and the case became more hopeless as we came more near. So savage a spot we had never stood upon. We sat down with broken hopes, the summit within a stone's-throw of us, but still defying us. What was to be done? The mountain is 14,800 feet high, and 14,600 feet had been accomplished. Must we then retreat? The thought was a bitter one. May we not have been dazed by our previous exertions and thus rendered less fitted than fresh men for the work before us? We know not. Benen spoke of danger, of difficulty, but he did not yet speak of impossibility. As on other occasions, he sought to fix on us the responsibility of return, but with the usual result. "Where you go we will follow, be it up or down." It took him half an hour to make up his mind. But he was finally forced to accept defeat. Had the other men not yielded so utterly, he would probably have tried still longer. Our occupation was gone. Hacking a length of six feet from one of the sides of our ladder, we planted it on the spot where we were stopped. It was firmly fixed, and, protected as it is from lightning by the adjacent peak, it will probably stand there when those who planted it think no more of the Matterhorn. Braver and more competent men may accomplish what we left undone; but our duty is accomplished, and this adventure will probably be the last in which we shall tempt the dangers of the Alps.

How this wondrous mountain has been formed will be the subject of inquiry in future years. From base to summit there is not a particle of truly igneous rock; it is composed wholly of gneiss and mica-schist. It is not a spurt of molten matter ejected

from the nucleus of the earth. It has been upraised by subterranean forces; but that it has been lifted as an isolated mass is hardly conceivable. Most probably it formed part of a mighty boss or swelling, from which the mountain has been sculptured by subaerial agents. These subjects, however, cannot be well discussed here. We returned, and fixing the remaining length of our ladder at the top of the precipice which we had scaled in the morning, we tied our rope firmly on to it, and slid down in succession along the rope. There it still dangles, for we could not detach it above. A tempest of hail was hurled against us as we descended, as if the Matterhorn, not content with shutting its door in our faces, meant to add an equivalent to the process of kicking us downstairs. The ice-pellets certainly hit us as bitterly as if they had been thrown in spite, and in the midst of this malicious cannonade, we struck our tents and returned to Breuil.

WORKMEN'S HOLIDAYS.

AN English workman never appears to so great a disadvantage as when he is out for a holiday. Foreigners say that we none of us know how to enjoy ourselves thoroughly, but they come to this conclusion because their standard of true enjoyment frequently differs in essential particulars from our own. It is impossible, however, for any one who sees much of workmen and their ways not to be struck with the singular mistakes by which they mar their holidays. They have abundant capacity for enjoyment, they are glad to be released from their toils, they are not at all niggard of their means; and yet it is often painful to see how utterly they fail to obtain that true relief of the mind and body which is a new life to the man who works hard, restoring his over-taxed energies and more than doubling his powers of endurance. To the mechanic, the supply or absence of this healthy relaxation means so many years more or less of life, and it must be owned that many of them try very hard to secure it. They try too hard. Their pleasure-making is, as a rule, very much more laborious than their ordinary hard work. They merely change the scene and character of their toil. They slave over their enjoyments with a persistency that cannot be witnessed without regret, when it is considered that they get so few holidays that they cannot afford to waste one. Some good men who take much interest in working men, and profess to know them thoroughly—a thing, we believe, no one in England really does, except a man who has been, or is, himself a mechanic in a workshop—are often trying to induce employers to grant their hands a larger number of holidays during the year. They should first teach them how to spend profitably those they already have. Well-arranged trips to Paris have doubtless been of some service in this respect; but the only notion of working men bent on an excursion, and left to themselves, is to get as far away from home as possible, and to travel as great a distance as they can for a little money. They heap themselves together in the stifling atmosphere of a cheap train, and spend three parts of their day on the railroad, half choked with dust and smoke, only to find themselves more wearied on their return than they would have been if they had kept to their usual employment. At the distance of a dozen miles, they might find pure air, pleasant scenery, and peace. They prefer going a couple of hundred for the sake of sitting before the sea, jaded and worn out, for about half an hour. The mechanic is, in fact, an object calling forth the compassion of every feeling man when he is thus fagged, pale and exhausted, in the pursuit of pleasure. When he is followed by a tired wife, and children hardly able to drag themselves along—a common spectacle near London on a Sunday night in summer—it is impossible to avoid wishing that some kind soul would give him a lesson or two in the art of making good use of his leisure hours. He is no manager of his own time, so rarely is he called upon to use it for his own purposes. He is so accustomed to routine that the absence of it half confuses him. And hence he is generally very well satisfied if he reaches home very much exhausted, and feels the effect of his holiday for the next two or three days.

All these mistakes, which are only not absurd because they produce real and serious mischief among the labouring classes, might be referred simply to a want of a definite plan or system. The mechanic often does not know exactly where he wants to go to, and is caught by the first tempting advertisement. He is very easily taken in when he is out for a holiday, chiefly because, to him, spending money is as much an enjoyment as the possession of his liberty. But even when there is a definite plan prepared for his amusement, and all the responsibilities are taken off his mind, we have not observed that he fares any better. The annual holidays which are held among workmen in large establishments are arranged weeks or months beforehand. Something like thorough organization is attempted. A committee is formed to manage the arrangements, and as money is very seldom wanting, there is no obvious reason why the men should not, on this one occasion, have a sensible, healthy, and pleasant day out. Sometimes it may happen that this result is attained, but, generally speaking, the holiday is sure to be remembered with anything but unmingled satisfaction. We have seen these annual gatherings in little obscure country inns, and in the more pretentious London suburban hotels, and at all of them it was impossible to come to the conclusion that this was the kind of recreation which a tired man stood in need of. Near London, the managers

of places suitable for accommodating a number of working men understand so well their limited ideas of pleasure, that the chief thing they do to satisfy them is to take their money. In the country, the same men are the tavern-keeper's regular customers, so that he is obliged to deal with them honestly. In the neighbourhood of London, the publican knows that, if he treats his guests ever so well, they are not likely to visit him again the following year, and he therefore puts before them food which they cannot eat, and drink which effectually disables them for the rest of the day. And we fear there are some workmen in every holiday party who would not think the dinner worth the trouble of attending if they were able to see their way clearly out of the room at its close.

We had the opportunity of being present on a recent occasion of this kind, when, as all the circumstances were favourable to the undertaking, it might have been supposed that it would have a completely successful issue. The men belonged to the most intelligent class of mechanics, they were in good employment, they had money to spend and to spare, and they were entirely unfettered as to where they should go. If there was one thing they seemed to enjoy more than another, it was their thorough freedom from restraint. On that day it was their privilege to meet their master on an equal footing, and they seemed to glory, honestly and simply, in their independence of him. A favourite spot a little way out of London was the destination, and they found their way there in a straggling fashion—some by road and some by rail, and very few together. There was a sensible proportion who arrived early, and started off for a long walk. The majority wandered and smoked in uncertainty round the garden of the house; and there was one who was lying peacefully by the side of a quart pot which he had attacked successfully, but to his own subsequent discomfiture. The announcement of dinner seemed to raise the spirits of the men, and there could be no question that this part of the proceedings they enjoyed as heartily as mortals could do. Presently there was an "adjournment" for a quarter of an hour, but the majority adjourned no farther than the bar of the hotel. Upon their return, the employer again took the chair, and proposed several toasts. The speeches, again, the company seemed to relish in a way that would have brought some of the bores of Parliament, unaccustomed to an appreciative audience, to their legs in an instant. It is true that one or two casualties occurred. In the midst of a serious speech, an unearthly yell was raised which gradually merged into a song—the man who had been asleep by the quart pot had just recollected himself, and prematurely began the vocal part of the entertainment. Being remonstrated with, he grew somewhat fractious, and was led from the room, still singing snatches of a tipsy ditty with a smiling face. Another man presently slipped under the table, and was no more seen. The chair he had lately occupied was pushed over his remains, and his comrades closed up, so that all trace of him was lost. It was curious to see how calmly they treated both incidents. The singing gentleman was laid down outside in the air, where he recovered in time to stammer through the last stave of his song as every one else was going home. Both, it was said, were men who "always got so" at the annual dinner, and at no other time during the year. To get "so" was their enjoyment. The rest of the men were perfectly decorous and sober, and some of them made excellent speeches, and expressed views which were a credit to themselves and their order. Nevertheless, it was not the way these mechanics ought to have spent their holiday. From three o'clock on a glorious summer's afternoon till ten at night, they were cooped-up in a room, undergoing unusual excitement, and breathing an atmosphere tainted by the fumes of roasted meat and tobacco smoke. The dinner formed the whole of the programme, instead of merely bringing it to a close, and the same error is nearly always committed on these occasions. We remember one in a rural district, at which the men, though sober and well-conducted generally, remained drinking till the tavern closed, and were discovered at a later period benighted under various hedges. The great mistake is to begin this eating and drinking so early in the day. No doubt a good dinner is sometimes as useful to the labouring man as fresh air; but when he has the opportunity of enjoying both on the same day, it seems a pity that he should miss the chance of one through over-attention to the other, which is, after all, the least wholesome of the two.

The pleasure of a workman's holiday must often consist in anticipation. When he gets it, he does not enjoy it; and when he remembers it, he is very often half-ashamed of it, or vexed with himself that he did not use it to better account. Time was when the English mechanic trudged about his native country, and saw it from John o'Groat's to the Land's End. Now, his place of work is fixed for him, and he thinks the miserable delusion of an excursion train will give him change of air and change of scene sufficient. If he would be satisfied with going within easy reach of home, and remember that even good air does not prevent excessive fatigue from being injurious, his holidays might be a source of real pleasure. The professional man knows how to spend his vacation time, but few mechanics have learnt the art of laying out anything to proper advantage. Out of their work-shops they are like children. They have little self-restraint, less judgment, and no tact whatever. They are accustomed to be guided either by their wives or their masters, and, like the boy who has learnt to swim with corks, they get along but poorly without the aid they have become accustomed to. Still it would be easy to alter all this; and if working men would take a friendly hint—economize their holidays, desire to see no more than they can see comfortably, and, as a rule,

try the air outside a tavern rather than the air inside—they would render themselves better able, physically and morally, to fight the battle which is before them. *+ Sunday Review*

SOUTH KENSINGTON.—ANOTHER REVISED CODE.

THE Tenth Report of the Science and Art Department of the Committee of Council on Education has been published. The after-summer of the year usually effloresces in Blue-books; partly, it would seem, for the benefit or torment of newspaper writers in the vacation, and partly in the interest of officials who manage to issue their annual accounts at that exact season when readers are least likely to be tempted to look at these most untempting publications. In the Science and Art Department, Lord Granville and Mr. Lowe have contrived "unostentatiously" to pursue the same crafty policy, with precisely the same consequences, which has attracted public attention in the matter of national and elementary schools. What is speciously called the principle of "payment for results" has, in either case, been "extended;" and the consequence is, that the masters of the art schools have become generally dissatisfied, and complain of the same breach of faith which has been for the last year so loudly resented by managers of national schools, while the local committees cease to feel any interest in the institutions under their care. In short, another Revised Code has, in another department of the Privy Council administering the national funds, paralysed education, and disgusted the friends of education, throughout the country. It is curious that Mr. Lowe has, in the two departments of his office, pursued the very same plan, with the very same results. The whole matter has as yet attracted but little attention; but it is well that the country should know that South Kensington, with its vaunted system of popular education, is going through a course of gradually absorbing and centralizing the whole management of art schools throughout the kingdom in the hands of its own clique, and with a direct breach of faith to the masters and managers of local schools.

Parliament has recently granted 122,000*l.* to the Department; and, according to the last report, as much as 97,392*l.* was expended last year in the art education of the country, while science, which is as broad to sack, received only 30,000*l.*, of which one-third was expended in the Geological Survey, which can only remotely be reckoned as an achievement of education at all. Of the 97,000*l.* and upwards supposed to be expended by the nation for the express purpose of educating artisans, and teaching elementary drawing in local schools for the labouring poor, only the small sum of 22,000*l.* is really devoted to art institutions throughout the whole of the United Kingdom, while more than 75,000*l.* seems to be spent on the costly Museum—management, specimens, buildings, official houses, and salaries—of South Kensington. When the local art schools—the schools of design of 1842—were first established, the master had a fixed salary ranging from 150*l.* to 300*l.* per annum. In 1852 the thin-edge-of-the-wedge system was tried, but was defeated. In new schools, however, the master's income was to depend partly on a salary, partly on "results." The system was this:—To certificated masters fixed payments were awarded, of the annual value of 10*l.* per annum for each certificate, on condition that, at a fixed and low rate, the certificated master should teach classes in poor schools; and to these were added varying payments for instructing at low rates a class of pupil teachers and a class of artisans. Such varying payments, in the aggregate, were never to exceed 50*l.* per annum. In addition to these payments, which were to be considered definite and guaranteed on the part of the Government, further aid was granted by "payments for results" in the case of poor children who passed a certain examination, of pupil teachers who passed a certain examination, and of such prize students as the master could qualify. Under this system, the master received great assistance from his pupil teachers, who had salaries of 20*l.* a year. Under the new Minutes of October 1862, and February and March 1863, the allowance on certificates held by the masters is, in spite of the Government guarantee, abolished by My Lords. This Revised Code assigns to the masters, without any compensation, the same duties of book-keeping and other unremunerative work which, under the old system, were covered by the certificate allowance. The free studentships, which were the best features of the old system, because the expectation of them retained the most promising pupils in the school, are abolished. The payments to the masters in respect of children and pupil teachers in poor schools are also abolished. The pupil teachers in art schools share the same fate, and in their place is substituted a new office termed a "local scholarship"—an appointment which seems to demand higher acquirements and more work, coupled with uncertain remuneration, which is made to depend, not, as before, on a fixed stipend, but on a capitation grant for the pupils taught. By another clause in Mr. Lowe's Revised Code, no payment for results is to be made on behalf of any pupil who has not been five months in the school preceding the annual examination.

As in the parallel case of national schools, the main feature of this Revised Code is the celebrated and specious principle of "payment for results." It remains to be seen how far the application of this principle to art schools, whatever it may be in the case of any other schools, is fair, just, and politic. These results are made to depend on the medals taken by the artisans at the annual competition; in other words, the master's income is made to depend entirely on the Government Inspector's award. In no

department of human knowledge or acquirements is the standard more uncertain than that which depends on an artist's taste and education. Who the actual inspectors are, we are not informed in the Report of the Committee of Council; but a Committee of art masters which has been formed—and which represents a large majority of those who hold certificates, and in whose hands the art education of the whole country is lodged—observes that “no inspector has hitherto visited the local schools who has sufficient knowledge of all the stages of instruction to enable him to award the medals fairly; and that the inspectors often make most ludicrous mistakes, and show the most hurtful capriciousness or partiality, according to their individual tastes.” The medal has been hitherto an honorary distinction, and the payments for results have been made on an examination in elementary work; but it is now proposed to make the medal, and the consequent payment for results, dependent on the highest study in the school, on which even the best inspectors may differ, and on which imperfectly qualified inspectors must fall into errors. The direct consequence will be that, in order to secure his stipend, the master will aim at hitting the inspector's personal tastes or crotchets in art, and will cram the special pupils in the direction in which medals can be gained, to the neglect of that sort of drawing which the circumstances of the local school require. The new arrangement is another illustration of the forcing principle, under which none but the quickest and cleverest pupils will be attended to, and by which master alike and scholar must be ruined. It is only the promising pupils who can earn the master's salary for him; and no master can be expected to attend to the drudgery of teaching dull pupils who will never bring him in a farthing, or to devote himself to branches and styles of art which, however useful to the scholars, are known not to be in the inspector's line or taste. The result will be, that the art schools must be henceforth worked for the master's profit, rather than for the general advancement of art or the special requirements of artisans and manufacturers in particular places.

It appears, therefore, that the Revised Code may be charged with special injustice under various heads of indictment.

I. The guarantee, given by the Government to existing masters, of a fixed salary, is abolished, and a direct breach of faith is committed.

II. The payment by results is both unjust and impracticable.

1. Because, as the course of study pursued by artisans is grouped into twenty-three different stages or departments, varying according to the requisites in different branches of manufacture, it is utterly impossible that any inspector can possess the knowledge needed to adjudicate in a competition ranging over so many distinct branches of study.

2. Because, under this Revised Code, the master's attention must, for his own interest, be concentrated on getting the most ambitious work out of the best pupils, instead of grounding all his pupils in sound elementary knowledge.

3. Because, even if it were possible that the results in an art school could be ascertained, there are, over and above these “results,” certain special services exacted of the master—such as keeping books and accounts, and teaching poor classes at a rate confessedly inadequate to the cost of instruction—which require a fixed and definite payment for the master, and which are totally independent of and separate from his duties in teaching the higher branches of study to his best pupils.

4. Because the abolition of prize studentships will have a tendency to dismiss from the schools those pupils who have made some progress, and who might be induced to remain for prolonged studies under the stimulus of the hoped-for studentship.

5. Because, by the substitution of free scholars for pupil teachers, more work, and that of the duller kind, will be thrown upon the masters, while the “free scholars” will be more difficult to obtain than the pupil teachers, as their qualifications are higher, their work more laborious, and their pay less.

Just as in the case of the National Schools, the “results” are illusory. Everything will depend on the *mot d'ordre* issued from South Kensington, and on the canons of taste endorsed by the Department. If “results” mean only acquiescence in what is fashionable at South Kensington, and if payments are to depend, not, as hitherto, on an examination embracing both the higher studies and the elementary branches, but on the productions of the advanced pupils only, it is quite clear that all the art masters in the kingdom will be reduced to the South Kensington standard. And, just as in the case of the national schools, these art schools alone will obtain Government assistance which want it least. The existence of many struggling institutions in which only humble, but more useful, performances in linear drawing, perspective, and simple free-hand work can be attempted, will be jeopardized. In the face of the threatening character of the Revised Code, many masters of art schools have already declared their intention, merely as a matter of self-defence, to relinquish the unprofitable work of teaching the poor classes; or, in other words, they intend to abandon the Government grant altogether, and to exclude the Inspector from their schools. It must be borne in mind, too, that the Revised Code only pretends to be preliminary and tentative, and distinctly avows that the aid given to art schools will be subject to the constant revision of My Lords and Mr. Lowe. The result is, that not only masters, but committees and local managers, are already declaring their intention to cut the cable which unites them to Government, feeling, as they do, that a small increase in fees from pupils will amply repay them for the miserable and hampering public aid which they are content to abandon in

exchange for freedom. The ten or eleven thousand pounds, which is all the State gives to local art schools throughout the country, may well be sacrificed if the schools can at the same time free themselves from the capricious, and often ignorant, interference of “the Department” to which, under the new Minutes which are to come into operation on the 1st of October, they will be more than ever liable.

THE TOMATO CASE.

IN order to make intelligible the question which, for the last two months, has agitated the sporting world, it is desirable briefly to state the circumstances out of which the celebrated Tomato case arose. The race for the Fernhill Stakes was run at Ascot, on Wednesday, June 3. The starters for the race were Baron Rothschild's two-year-old filly Tomato, who won it, Mid-night Mass of the same year, and three three-year-olds, named Lady Abbess, Flying Fish, and Vivid. The “muddle” which has given so much trouble to clear up arose as follows:—Baron Rothschild had two fillies entered for the race, Tomato and Hippolyta, and he elected that the former should run, and gave orders accordingly. The Baron's jockey came very late to scale, and by some misunderstanding Hippolyta's number (6) was hoisted on the telegraph as a starter, instead of Tomato's number (5). The race was run, and the Baron's colours being first past the post, the judge caused No. 6 to be put up as the winner. It was stated in *Bell's Life* that “some commotion was caused in the Ring when the mistake was discovered, for, of course, the general impression was that Hippolyta was the Baron's representative, and not Tomato, which made all the difference in the betting.” The first step taken by the malcontents was to dispute Baron Rothschild's title to the stakes, but the objection was over-ruled by the Stewards of the Meeting, whose sentence was as follows:—“Tomato is the winner of the stakes, but the Stewards fine Baron Rothschild's trainer 25 sovs. for not weighing at the proper time, and for neglecting to observe that the wrong number was up.” It is clear that, by racing law, the trainer's neglect—although subjecting him to a penalty, as well as to the maledictions of the Ring—did not invalidate his employer's title to the stakes. The difficult question, however, was that which arose about the bets, when the usual settlement commenced at Tattersall's on the Monday following the race. There were three classes of betters to be considered—viz. those who had backed Hippolyta, those who had backed Tomato, and those who had backed other horses. The last-named class reasonably alleged that they had been misled. They looked to the telegraph, and it told them that Hippolyta, and not Tomato, was going to start; and they backed horses against the former which, as they assert, they would not have backed against the latter. On the other hand, those members of the Ring who had accommodated these backers by laying the odds against their fancies contended that, as the horses backed had lost, it only remained for the backers to pay up. It was, of course, to be lamented that a mistake should have occurred; but accidents will happen, and the consequences must be borne by those upon whom they fall. If it be true, as stated, that the amount of the disputed bets was 25,000*l.*, it is not surprising that the controversy was carried on with vigour. Upon reference to the Committee of Tattersall's, which is the usual arbiter of such disputes, it appeared that there was only one member of the Committee present who had not bets depending upon the race—viz. Admiral Rous. The Admiral desired to be assisted in considering the case by two members of Tattersall's, Messrs. Onslow and Sturt, who had no bets upon the race, but were not members of the Committee. These gentlemen agreed to act, and they discussed the case with Admiral Rous sufficiently to ascertain that their opinion was contrary to his. The Admiral protested against the conclusion of his associates, and quitted them; and they proceeded to declare that all bets upon the Fernhill Stakes were off. This decision was protested against by a large number of subscribers to the rooms, and a meeting of the Committee being held to consider the protest addressed to them, it was declared that the tribunal which had given the decision was incompetent. Afterwards, the Committee, feeling doubtful of the propriety of reopening the question, determined to take the opinion of Mr. O'Malley, Q.C., upon the point. The opinion which they obtained, being merely conditional upon certain assumptions as to the power of the Committee and the custom of Tattersall's, seemed rather adapted to embarrass than to guide those who sought advice. However, the Committee determined that the question should be reopened, and they met for what was expected to be a final consideration of the matter. But as nearly all the members of the Committee were interested in the question they had to decide, they resolved that it should be referred to three members of the Jockey Club—viz. the Duke of Richmond, the Earl of Glasgow, and General Peel. It should be observed that the Jockey Club, as a body, takes no cognizance of bets; but this question was referred to three of its members, merely as gentlemen of character and influence in the racing-world, who had no interest in the question in dispute. A satisfactory tribunal being thus at length obtained, a decision, which it is to be hoped will be final, was pronounced last week at Goodwood. That decision was as follows:—“The backers of Tomato win. The backers of all other starters in the Fernhill Stakes lose.” As regards the backers of Hippolyta, if there were any, the bet which they made were off because Hippolyta did not start. In such a race as the Derby,

which is "play or pay," backers of non-starters lose, but in the majority of races bets are off unless there is a start.

The arguments for and against the decision which has been given in this case were stated by Admiral Rous and the Earl of Winchelsea, in letters which have been very generally read. If the matter were entirely open, there would be much force in those complaints of hardship which were urged by the backers of beaten horses, but it happens that one of the Rules of Betting, of which the authority is unquestionable, is precisely applicable to the case. That rule, is in effect, that bets follow the stakes, with one exception, which for the present purpose is immaterial. Lord Winchelsea, in a letter to *The Times*, contended that, because in this excepted case a horse might win the bets but not the stakes, therefore there might be, or ought to be, another excepted case, in which a horse might win the stakes but not the bets. But the one exception actually forms part of the law, whereas the other would need to be engrafted into it by a sort of equitable jurisdiction, which the tribunal to whom the question was referred declined to exercise. Lord Winchelsea admitted that the stakes, according to racing law, belonged to Tomato, but he asked whether the bets should go with them. The answer is that, according to betting law, they should. The whole of Lord Winchelsea's argument in support of the alleged equity depended upon the assumption that, in races which are not p.p., "the betting is conducted on the faith of the telegraph." It is no doubt true that betters do rely on the telegraph to inform them what horses are about to start; and it might be reasonable to provide that, if the telegraph conveyed wrong information, bets made in reliance on it should be void; but the rules of betting are older than the telegraph, and therefore do not recognise it. Lord Winchelsea contended also that the common form of betting on a particular horse against the field might be interpreted to mean, "A. bets B., say 1 to 3, on a certain number against all the other numbers exhibited by the telegraph." But here, again, Lord Winchelsea makes an assumption which is quite gratuitous, and, indeed, opposed to one of the rules of betting, which lays down that, "when a person has chosen a horse, the field is what starts against him." The law seems to be clear that neither the printed cards nor the numbers on the telegraph affect the validity of a race; and when the Stewards decided that Tomato won the Fernhill Stakes, the sentence which has been given by the Duke of Richmond and his colleagues was implied in it.

As the obligation to pay the disputed bets is purely honorary, and could not be made the foundation of a legal process, it was perhaps an unnecessary precaution of the Committee to take a lawyer's opinion upon the question whether Messrs. Onslow and Sturt's decision should be set aside. Mr. O'Malley gave, in the first place, an answer to this question which depended upon so many "ifs" that the Committee could not understand whether to treat it as affirmative or negative. Upon being entreated "to give a definite answer—yes or no—to the question whether the original award should stand good," Mr. O'Malley stated himself to be clearly of opinion that it should not. The question which was thus decided involved greater difficulty than the original question as to the validity of the bets. Mr. O'Malley's opinion seems to have rested on the ground that "the Committee had no right to delegate to others, who were not members of its body, the decision of a question which was submitted to itself." The only objection to using this argument to get rid of the award of Messrs. Sturt and Onslow is that it must be equally fatal to the final judgment of the three members of the Jockey Club. The protest by members of the Rooms relied upon the ground of "manifest error" in the award, and at the same time pointed out that only one member of the Committee joined in hearing the case, and that he dissented from the decision given. If the tribunal had unquestionable jurisdiction, it would be vain to say that the decision was erroneous. Perhaps Admiral Rous stated the reasons for reopening the question best when he wrote as follows:—

In all common disputes, any two or more members of the Rooms may decide the case; but when a great question is to be argued, involving 25,000*l.*, the Committee alone, duly convened and numerously attended, has the power to arbitrate; but there was no notice for a Committee to attend, no case on record, and Baron Rothschild was kept in ignorance.

It will probably be thought, by impartial persons, that, on this ground of want of notice and deliberation, the award of Messrs. Sturt and Onslow was unsatisfactory. Supposing that award to be out of the way, and considering how to find what Mr. O'Malley calls "a safe guide for men of honour upon a doubtful question," the Committee could not have done better than refer the matter, as they did, to three disinterested members of the Jockey Club. That reference having been accepted, and a decision given, it follows that all persons concerned in the Tomato case should cheerfully submit to it.

THE CAMPAIGN IN AMERICA.

THE tone pervading the press of the Southern Confederacy, and evincing the state of public opinion, is so strikingly different from that of the Northern journals that it has been a frequent subject of remark during the course of the present war. There is an earnestness of purpose, and a calmness of judgment in weighing success and preparing for disaster, which forms the most remarkable contrast to (what one would wish to call) the un-English spirit of the Northern

press and people. At no time has this high tone been more apparent than at the present crisis of the war. There is no attempt at evading the fact that disasters of great import have happened, and may still happen; but, at the same time, the people of the South are urged to the strongest exertions and most unwearied efforts to retrieve their misfortunes. Already the tide of defeat seems partially to have been arrested; for the Southern armies, though repulsed, are not routed, and their generals are able to conduct retreats without impairing the efficiency of their troops. This circumstance is remarkable, and must be accounted for by the fact that the superior elements which form the Confederate armies are able to resist the demoralization consequent on retreat, by which the discipline even of the best European troops is tried.

It may be said that, at the present moment, four separate campaigns are in progress:—First, that of Generals Meade and Lee in Virginia; secondly, that of Generals Rosencranz and Bragg in Georgia; thirdly, General Grant's operations, opposed by General Johnstone, in Mississippi; and, fourthly, the second great attack on Charleston, carried on by the joint efforts of General Gillmore and Admiral Dahlgren, opposed to General Beauregard. Commencing with the first campaign, we find the Confederates again threatening to act on the offensive. General Lee has taken up a position in the Shenandoah Valley. The main body of his army is supposed to be between Winchester and Martinsburg. His right flank, which is the one most exposed to attack, rests on the Blue Ridge Mountains, whilst his advanced pickets extend from Cherry Run—a place about twelve miles west of Martinsburg, and about half-way between Williamsport and Hancock—to Harper's Ferry. The country about the centre of the line, near Shepherd's Town, is occupied in considerable force. His opponent, General Meade, is supposed also to have crossed the Potomac, and to hold the country east of the Blue Ridge Mountains, between that range and Washington, whilst detachments guard the frontier State line of Maryland, and were, until interrupted, engaged in reconstructing the Baltimore and Ohio line of railway. A rather serious cavalry engagement took place near Shepherd's Town on the 18th of July, in which the Federals acknowledge themselves to have been most severely worsted and driven back. A detachment of Federal troops, under the command of General Gregg, was also captured in the vicinity of Harper's Ferry. Considerable anxiety is felt in the North consequent on these operations, and even another invasion is apprehended; but no signs have yet been shown which would justify any speculations as to the ultimate plans of General Lee. The rumours of the advance of General Rosencranz into Georgia prove to be false. His head-quarters are still at Winchester, and General Bragg continues to hold the lines in the vicinity of Chattanooga. Precautionary measures are, indeed, being taken by the inhabitants of Georgia in the event of the further retreat of the Confederate army, and fortifications are in course of preparation round Rome, the first city of that State which would be called on to resist the Federal advance.

Of the second campaign, few details have reached us. General Rosencranz has now reached a point about 100 miles from Nashville, which may be termed his intermediate base of operations, the real base being the Ohio. He will find the difficulties of keeping open his communications through a hostile country very great—communications which are equally endangered in the country between Nashville and the Ohio, as between that city and the main army. Hitherto, General Rosencranz has shown ability, and his opponent appears not unworthy of him. General Bragg was for some time not popular in the Southern Confederacy, partly on account of the failure of the Kentucky campaign, and also from the strictness of the discipline he enforced; but, notwithstanding these drawbacks, he seems to possess the confidence of the Government, evinced by his long continuance in such an important command. His head-quarters are on the line of railway which, at Atlanta, joins the main line through the Southern Confederacy. Atlanta is about 350 miles distant from Jackson in Mississippi, and 250 from Charleston, and is connected with both places by railway. General Bragg will thus be able either to reinforce the army of General Johnstone in Mississippi, or to send help to Charleston; and, if himself hard pressed, he may receive assistance from either of those places, or from the various towns of the Confederacy which are joined to Atlanta by means of the railway. Connected with this campaign, but about 300 miles distant from the main armies, is the scene of operations of General Morgan. The reports of his defeat turn out to be false. On the contrary, he appears to be able to set at defiance the militia of the State, and the last news places him at Washington, Ohio. As a partisan leader, few men have acquired more distinction than General Morgan.

In Mississippi, General Grant appears not to have been idle, but to have followed up with much energy the success he attained by the fall of Vicksburg. Taking the Mississippi river as his base of operations, three expeditions have been sent, which have hitherto been attended with partial success. Yazoo city surrendered to General Heron, and a detachment under the command of General Ransom seems to have inflicted some injury by the capture of Confederate stores at Natchez, about fifty miles below Vicksburg, on the Mississippi. Communications have also been opened with New Orleans. The main body of General Grant's army has, however, been placed under the command of General Sherman, and, consisting of three corps commanded by Generals Steele, Parke, and Osterhaus,

marched from Vicksburg with the intention of engaging the army under General Johnstone. The march was along the line of rail between Vicksburg and Jackson, and on the 9th of July the two armies met in front of Jackson, or rather the Confederates occupied entrenchments covering that city. From the 9th to the 16th fighting continued, the Federals being repulsed in their attacks. On the 16th, General Johnstone evacuated the town without loss of stores, artillery, or prisoners; his line of retreat is, however, at present unknown. The Federal general Osterhaus was killed during one of the actions, probably that of the 12th. He was a native of Prussia, but, having settled in Missouri, embraced the Federal cause, and has been engaged in many of the actions fought in the West. The campaign in Louisiana seems at an end, the capture of Vicksburg and fall of Port Hudson necessitating the abandonment of offensive operations on the part of the Confederates. General Grant has been reinforced from the troops under General Burnside's command, by a division which lately arrived at Vicksburg, and which will probably be available for the garrison of that place and of other stations on the Mississippi.

After carefully investigating the rather bombastic account of the recent attack on Charleston, one is forced to the conclusion that as yet but little has been done to endanger the safety of the place. Unlike the former attack, the operations of the land and naval forces have been combined. The former were commanded by General Gillmore, a West Point officer, who has served in the Artillery, and has acquired some reputation for scientific knowledge in that branch of the service—the latter by Admiral Dahlgren, famous for the guns which he has constructed for the Federal forts and navy, and who was, until recently, in charge of the arsenal at Washington. When General Gillmore relieved General Hunter, he found a portion of Folly Island, to the south of the entrance of Charleston Harbour, occupied by a detachment of Federal troops. He increased the number of the troops, and fortified the island. On the 8th, three of the iron-clads, stationed for the purpose of repairs and refitting at Port Royal, moved up to the entrance of the harbour. On the 10th, combined with the other vessels engaged in blockading the port, they steamed along the shore of Morris Island, and shelled the batteries which commanded the southern passage outside the actual mouth of the harbour. At the same time, the land force crossed over the inlet which separates Folly Island from Morris Island, under cover of the fire from the batteries on Folly Island and from the gunboats. The Confederate batteries on Morris Island were but feebly armed; and after a bombardment, were evacuated by their defenders, who sought shelter in the more important work of Fort Wagner. The land forces continued to advance, and their skirmishers came within rifle-range of Fort Wagner. The gunboats then retired, and the forces remained in the relative positions they had occupied at the beginning of the engagement. Either at the same time or rather later, an attack seems to have been made on James Island, under cover of the fire of gunboats which had entered the Stono river; but this was repulsed, and the Federals were driven to their ships. Such appear to be the facts respecting the attack on Charleston. The main defences have not been threatened, and no account is given of the gunboats having even been within range of the guns of Forts Sumter and Moultrie. The refusal of the Federal Government to allow the promulgation of the latest news does not seem to portend success. That the situation of affairs in the South is considered very grave, is proved by the proclamation of President Davis, calling for a conscription of the whole of the able-bodied population through the Confederacy. Should, as is most probable, this conscription be put in force, and submitted to by the people of the South, there can be few facts more striking than the contrast between the conduct of the population of the Southern and that of the Northern States. In New York, although the riots have for the time ended, an organized resistance to the draught is spoken of, should the Government at Washington be so ill-advised as to insist on its continuance. This resistance will probably not be confined to the lower classes of the population, but will be encouraged, if not headed, by those who are more anxious to preserve their own freedom than to trample on that of the South. This appears to be the view taken by the people of Richmond, who, in the midst of the misfortunes attending their armies, have been able to draw some comfort from the intestine quarrels of their enemies.

THE PORTE AND THE SUEZ CANAL.

M. LESSEPS' ambitious scheme, which has been apparently in danger of coming to an abrupt termination by the interference of the Porte, has once more been revived by the compromise which is said to have been arranged between the French and the Ottoman Governments. This last transaction has removed some of the political objections to the undertaking, but, at the same time, it has confirmed the apprehensions which have never been disguised in this country, that what purported to be a private commercial enterprise would afford occasion for the exercise of a pernicious influence, on the part of France, over the feeble Governments of Turkey and Egypt. From the commencement of the project, it has been treated in France as essentially a political affair. The original concession, in 1854, was wrung from the Pacha of Egypt by the direct exertion of the influence which the French Government had acquired; and though the Convention expressly reserved the paramount right of

the Sultan, and was accompanied by a warning that the work was not to be commenced until the ratification of the Porte was obtained, M. Lesseps, feeling himself backed by the whole power of France, did not hesitate to collect his armies of forced workmen, and even to acquire large tracts of territory, without waiting for the Sultan's authorization. So long as the Viceroy of Egypt was satisfied with a mere verbal reservation of the rights of his Suzerain, it was easy for the Company to set at naught the sovereignty of the Sultan. Any active interference of the Porte in opposition to the wishes of its powerful vassal was scarcely to be thought of, and the canal might have been finished or abandoned in due course, according to its destiny, without much risk of any disturbance from the nominal Suzerain of the country. It was a bad precedent to slight the authority of a Power which France has concurred, with the rest of Europe, in guaranteeing, but it was only the disinclination of the reigning Pacha to follow in the steps of his predecessor which gave any solid importance to the Sultan's ratification. The announcement that the Porte would no longer permit the use of forced labour, which had been nominally prohibited throughout the Empire, was well understood to have been, in substance, the act of the Pacha even more than of the Sultan. The improvident territorial concessions which had been made to the Company were grievances which the Viceroy probably felt much more acutely than the oppression of his subjects; and the interposition of the Sultan was undoubtedly conceived rather with the view of preserving the territory of the Porte from the unlawful encroachments of the French Company than in the interests of the ill-used fellahs.

No one anticipated that the Sultan's Government would be able to hold out against the pressure which was certain to be applied to it; and so well was the part to be enacted by France appreciated on the Paris Bourse, that the shares in the Canal Company scarcely suffered any depreciation from an edict which, if enforced as the Sultan had the right to enforce it, would have finally extinguished M. Lesseps and his project. The interposition of the Porte immediately became the signal for one of those diplomatic contests by which European Ambassadors are in the habit of maintaining the independence of the Sultan's Government. France insisted that the ratification which the Sultan had refused should be forthwith given; and the only resource of the absolute ruler of the Turkish Empire was to ascertain how far he could reckon on the support of other countries if he chose to exert his inherent right of preserving the territory, and protecting the inhabitants, of Egypt from the rapacity of a French Company. It soon became apparent that a compromise was the only escape from the embarrassing position. France was not likely to stand by and see a project, avowedly designed to foster her power and glory in the East, prematurely destroyed, merely because the Sultan objected to having his lands absorbed, and his people worked to death, by a body of French adventurers. To a certain extent it is true that the power of England might be relied on to save the Porte from the consequences of giving offence to France; but it was known that the main objections of this country would be removed if the Company were compelled to restore the lands which it had acquired without the consent of the Porte, and the real struggle turned almost entirely upon this single point. The only other stipulation which immediately interested English statesmen was the neutralisation of the canal in case it should ever be completed; but this had never been refused on the part of France, and it was impossible that any avowed objection should be made to a mere formal ratification of what had always been one of the professed objects of the Company. The third point on which the Sultan had insisted—the abandonment of forced labour—was tantamount to an absolute prohibition of the work, and could only have been maintained at the cost of a serious rupture with the French Emperor. The compromise which has been effected may therefore be regarded as a substantial victory for Turkey. The twenty or thirty thousand fellahs absorbed by M. Lesseps will still be driven by main force from their own occupations to display, in the interests of France and civilization, the industrial ardour with which M. Lesseps generously credits them; but, on the other hand, the equal rights of all countries in the use of the canal will, nominally at any rate, be preserved, and the foothold which France had already gained on the soil of Egypt is to be abandoned for a pecuniary compensation. If this last stipulation is carried out, the substantial object of the Porte will have been secured, and one of the most threatening dangers of the undertaking will have been averted; but some vigilance may still be needed to prevent the evasion of this condition under cover of disputes as to the pecuniary settlement.

In whatever way the matter may be finally arranged, the surrender of the territorial privileges acquired by the Company, so far as the Viceroy could grant them, will be as serious a blow to the commercial prospects of the scheme as to the political ambitions which had become connected with it. M. Lesseps had always reckoned upon the profits to be derived from the land as a large element in the expected revenues of the Company; and if the dividend is to depend solely on the dues which may be collected from shipping, it is impossible to discover any adequate commercial inducement to proceed with the undertaking. The shares, however, are subscribed for, and, as long as its capital holds out, we presume the Company will continue the speculation. For the next ten years, M. Lesseps will have the honour of commanding an army of Egyptian conscripts, compelled to labour for the glory of France. Abundant occasions will, no doubt, arise for diplomatic action; and, if the Porte should ever be disposed to sleep upon its rights, France

will assuredly be alive to the opportunity of making the canal a means of political aggrandizement. If it were not for the menacing position of a Company so intimately connected with the Government of France, there would be nothing in the project to awaken the jealousy either of England or any other Power. The fear that a canal which would bring India nearer to the dockyards of France than to our own harbours must operate injuriously on the maritime ascendancy of this country is, we believe, altogether fanciful. Even if the passage were not closed to ships of war, the Power which holds Malta would derive its full share of the benefits of the work; and the slightest consideration must make it obvious that the paramount advantage of any facilities of communication between Europe and India must be gained by the State to which India belongs. Whatever grounds we may have for doubting the success of the scheme, we have no reason to desire its failure. Indeed, the rapid prosecution of the work would be, in a political sense, the interest of England rather than of France. It is not the canal, but the Company, which is a peril to Egypt; and when once its task is completed, M. Lesseps' association will almost cease to supply the means or the motives for political interference, which will never be wanting while the French engineers remain in possession of the Isthmus, and control the destinies of the labouring population of Egypt. For the present, however, the controversy is at rest. The pretensions of the French pioneers have been seriously checked by the firmness of the Porte, and while the canal is allowed to proceed without hindrance to completion, if that be practicable, the dangers which threatened the independence of Egypt during the intervening period have been materially diminished. So long as matters are allowed to remain on their present footing, Englishmen may safely dismiss all anxiety about the issue of an undertaking in which they have been far too prudent to invest their savings.

BRIGHTON RACES.

IT certainly was hard on the Brightonians that the best race in their programme was allowed to end in a walk-over. The entries for the Brighton Cup included several of the most distinguished performers on the turf, and the materials seemed to exist for one of the finest contests of the season. There were three mares of the same year, all well known to fame, and capable, as might be thought, of making a good race without any other help. One of these mares was Paste, who won the Brighton Cup last year. Another was Fairwater, who looked well and ran well for the Goodwood Cup last week, but who could scarcely be expected to be quite up to the mark for another hard day's work so soon. The third mare, Caller Ou, deserved the particular attention of the Brightonians, for it is probable that their turf has not often been trodden by a winner of the St. Leger. This mare, however—or, rather, her owner—is not affected with any inconvenient pride, but she is always ready to run for any prize which she has a tolerable chance of winning. She gratified the holiday-makers at Hampton by cantering away with the Queen's Plate. She ran, but not in her best style, for the Ascot Cup; and she has since appropriated the Northumberland Plate at Newcastle. She lives, when she is at home, at Malton, but during the racing season her travels by railway must be almost equal to those of the professional bookmakers. Last week, when so many other horses were expending themselves at Goodwood, Caller Ou was kept in reserve for Brighton, so that she came fresh to the Cup race; and it happened that the distance, which is two miles, suited her better than the additional half mile at Goodwood. In this respect, Caller Ou has long since established the right to please herself. If distance and other circumstances suit her, she will run wonderfully well; but if the distance is too great, or anything else puts her out of sorts, she will stop suddenly and extinguish her owner's hopes. Thus, although she has done some very great things, one would hesitate to say beforehand whether it was her day or not; and perhaps her character cannot be more fairly described than by saying that she is better known than trusted. However, her opponents, at any rate, were able to make up their minds that she would be in her best form at Brighton. It may be admitted that Paste would have had small chance with her at even weights, but Fairwater, during the two years which have passed since the two fillies started with such high expectations for the Oaks, has pursued with equal activity a career of hardly inferior distinction. The best proof that the chances of these two mares at Brighton would have been reckoned almost exactly equal, is furnished by the list of weights for the Great Ebor Handicap, to be run for at York the week after next, in which Caller Ou is estimated to be 11b. better than Fairwater. If it had not been that Caller Ou was fresh, while Fairwater had lately run a severe race, this would have been one of the most even matches that could have been made, as well as one of the most interesting. A winner of the St. Leger in 1861 carries no penalty for the Brighton Cup in 1863, so that the mares would have run under even weights. With Challoner in his familiar seat on Caller Ou, and Fordham equally at home with Fairwater, there would have been all the materials for a first-rate display of horsemanship. In one respect only could it be said that the two mares were not upon even terms, and that was in the secondary matter of appearance. Fairwater is a decided beauty, while Caller Ou at her best has a queer "varmint" look, and if a stranger had seen her at the end of last season,

when she was at about her worst, that stranger would probably have priced her at about 15*l*. Her owner ventured at that time to predict that she would come round again, and so she has, for she was looking quite herself at Brighton. It was worth a journey only to see her cantering along with her head in the air and her tail down in the old style; but if the match between her and Fairwater had come off, the Brighton Cup day would have been an event to be remembered. It was known that Fairwater was in Brighton, and hopes existed up to the morning of the race that she would be started against Caller Ou. Many persons went down from London in expectation of an extraordinarily good race, and it was considerably disappointing to see the familiar forms of Challoner and Caller Ou threading their way through the crowd to walk over the Cup Course. There had been reason to expect that, besides Fairwater, a formidable opponent to Caller Ou would appear in Buckstone, who, it will be remembered, ran about equally with Fairwater for the Goodwood Cup, and may be supposed to have retained quite as lively a recollection of his exertion. When it was announced that neither Buckstone nor Fairwater would start, the public dissatisfaction was not concealed. A good three-year old might have had a chance of imitating Isoline's victory at Goodwood, but there was no three-year-old among the possible starters for the Brighton Cup, and there was nothing of any other age that could hopefully undertake the task which Buckstone and Fairwater declined. The result was that Caller Ou walked over, so that she may claim the credit of having come down so far south, and gained a prize by the formidable reputation which went before her.

Among the races appointed for the same day as the Cup was the Champagne Stakes, for which both Caller Ou and Fairwater were entered. It was reported that the walk over for the Cup was the result of an arrangement between the owners of the two mares, who agreed that each should resign to the other his pretensions to one of the two prizes of the day. But it was not in the power of Mr. l'Anson and Mr. Cartwright to bring about a walk-over for the Champagne as well as for the Cup. The public, who were disappointed of seeing these two famous mares punish one another over the hard ground, felt some satisfaction in observing that the supposed arrangement was incomplete for want of the consent of the owners of the other horses engaged in the Champagne Stakes. It was easy for Caller Ou to decline her chance of the last-named prize, but not so easy for Fairwater to convert her chance of it into a certainty. She was encountered by three competitors, of whom the notorious American horse, Umpire, who is supposed to have a preference for a mile, appeared the most formidable. The other two were Water Witch and the three-year-old Tippler, a big strong colt, belonging to the young Marquis of Hastings, who has begun his career upon the turf by owning an undeniably good horse. As the difference in weight was only 1st. 6lbs. for two years of age, and the distance was only a mile, it is impossible to say that in this instance the older animal was asked to do anything unreasonable. Perhaps Fairwater wanted a longer distance to bring her out; but whatever may have been the cause, she proved quite useless against Tippler, who won easily by several lengths. It appeared that she did not try to catch him, and she came in without any signs of having been hardly pressed; but it may be that she could not have caught him if she had been ridden home, and if so, it would not have been worth while to make her try. There was another walk-over for the Biennial Stakes, as nothing ventured to oppose the French Fille de l'Air, whose performances make her the best two-year-old that has appeared in public. She has abundantly shown that she can both race and stay, but her action must improve greatly before she can be trusted for much money. She cuts both before and behind, and her fetlock joints bear marks of the severe injuries she has inflicted on herself. With age, however, she may gain strength, and prove the flyer her friends believe her to be. Her loins and quarters are all one could wish, but her fore-end is not imposing, and her shoulders are short. As the two mares, Caller Ou and Fille de l'Air, passed one another in their walks-over, the designations of "old glory and young glory" might have been revived to suit them.

If it had not been for the occurrence of two walks-over on the principal day, the sport at Brighton might deserve to be compared with that of a meeting of much higher celebrity, viz. Goodwood. As the principal performers in the race for the Brighton Stakes, on the first day, were some of the same who had appeared in the race for the Goodwood Stakes in the previous week, it is fair to assume that the first-named race afforded as good entertainment as the other. It is true there was no scope for any such surprising effect as the defeat of the favourite Anfield by Blackdown, because a secret can only be promulgated once. The winners upon Blackdown at Goodwood deserve the credit of having managed their operations in the market in a particularly judicious and unobtrusive manner. The opportunity afforded them by the horse's notoriously indifferent performances in the early part of the season, and subsequent unremarked improvement, was such a one as does not often happen, and it certainly was used skilfully. The horse was considered to have won with so much ease at Goodwood that he was backed with considerable confidence at Brighton, although running under a penalty of 10lbs. He fully justified the opinion of his quality by beating everything in the field except Magnum Bonum, with whom the extra weight he had to carry brought him upon about equal terms. A magnificent finish between the pair resulted in

favour of Magnum Bonum by a head. A prominent place in the betting for this race was held by Umpire, who has improved greatly of late in his performances, and certainly has come to look very much like a race-horse. He no longer runs in the colours of Mr. Ten Broeck, in which he tried for the Derby and St. Leger in 1860, for he is now the property of Lord Coventry. It may be remarked, by the way, that Mr. Ten Broeck promises to come nearer to winning the Derby next year than he has ever done before, for he has probably got, in Paris, what he was believed by his countrymen to have in Umpire—viz. one of the very best two-year-olds that have come out. It is to be lamented that Umpire's temper has not improved along with his looks. He still deserves the character which Mr. Ten Broeck was heard to give of him a year ago at Goodwood—that he would bite everything and kick everything he came near. Before running this week for the Brighton Stakes, he was led up the course with a chain attached to his bit, while his eye manifested every inclination to assault either groom or jockey, if he could get the chance. Although he got beaten for the Stakes, he was again in favour the next day, when he came in last of four starters for the Champagne. As he was being led round and round, and in and out, in the enclosure, before this race, among speculators busy with the event immediately before them, or with the greater, but more remote, issues of York and Doncaster, it was just as well that the dangerous character of the horse was generally unknown or forgotten, for otherwise his presence might have perturbed the calculations of bookmakers. Although Umpire's temper caused no mischief, the first day of Brighton races was darkened by a deplorable calamity, which resulted in the death of a well-known light-weight jockey, named Drew. In the race for the Marine Plate, the mare Pellucid, which Drew was riding, struck into the heels of another mare, Topsy, and fell, throwing her jockey, and rolling heavily upon him. He was taken up dreadfully injured, and carried in a hopeless state to the County Hospital, and there, on the evening of the next day, he died. He gained great reputation by his riding of Artless, who won the Cesarewitch in 1859, and he was much respected by his employers, and also liked by his brother jockeys. This lamentable accident threw a gloom over what was otherwise a most successful meeting. There are many elements of prosperity in the present management of Brighton races, and, in particular, there is a liberal allowance of added money to encourage entries. It has been well remarked by a writer in a daily paper, that at Goodwood there is more of "running for one another's money" than is agreeable to gentlemen who own race-horses.

REVIEWS.

ANCIENT RELIGIOUS BELIEFS.*

CROYANCES et Légendes de l'Antiquité is the title which M. Alfred Maury has given to a volume of miscellaneous papers, which have appeared already in various periodicals. The title is a little too large for the contents of the book. It raises expectations of a general and comprehensive treatment of one of the most interesting questions which are now before us. At any rate, it suggests a selection of important instances calculated to illustrate the way in which religious belief grew up and developed, and in which religious tradition was propagated and transformed, under circumstances different from our own. This expectation is not fulfilled. The papers are entirely unconnected; and there is nothing of the definite purpose which sometimes binds together a set of essays on widely differing subjects. It is simply a collection of independent papers, differing widely in their importance and elaborateness, but written, as all sensible men would feel bound to write at present, with due heed to the nature of their authorities, and the conditions of the subject-matter. In addition to the papers bearing on the religious belief and the legends of ancient nations, we have an etymological dissertation on the names of two Gaulish deities, a critical examination of the character and sources of the history of Eusebius, and a geographical paper on the old sea route between the Persian and Arabian Gulf and the China Sea. These are instructive and learned essays; but they have only a remote relation to the subject which we expected, from the title, to find discussed.

The justification of the title is to be found in two papers on Indian and Persian religion, and in two more on early Christian legends. There is a paper on the legend of the Nemean lion; but its purpose is simply to show that the introduction of a lion into a story of which the scene is the Peloponnese is no evidence that lions were actually found there in times of which we have any knowledge. The most elaborate of the essays is one on the ancient religion of the Aryan race. It is a detailed and close investigation of the primitive religious ideas of which the first forms and the gradual unfolding and successive stages have been opened to us in the *Vedas*. The general view which he gives of the origin of these ideas, and of the shape which they took, is the same as that which has been made familiar to English readers in the writings of Professor Max Müller. But M. Maury is an independent

inquirer, and has worked out the subject for himself. His object is to illustrate from the *Vedas* the growth and rapid expansion of a vast mythological system from a few simple elementary impressions and ideas, which the mind, in its moments of elevation and excitement, strove, and was never satisfied with striving, to represent to itself by a succession of various and often contradictory metaphors. In the primitive race who first sang the Vedic hymns, the sight of the objects and processes of nature is supposed to have awakened a recognising and admiring sense, which could express itself only by speaking of them in terms borrowed from the language in which men speak of themselves, and what they deal with on the earth. By that natural tendency which any one may observe even now in his own use of language, the mind transferred to them the qualities, the feelings, the powers which belong to man, only on a scale proportioned to the magnitude of the phenomena. It meant, originally, nothing more than to give the most vivid expression possible to its own ideas; it ended by taking its own numberless metaphors for realities. This is the view on which M. Maury explains from the *Vedas* the rationale of Aryan religious ideas. Assuming that all polytheism grew out of the gradual hardening into definite material and personal shapes, of a number of indefinite but vivid images, he finds in the *Vedas* the earliest examples of these images in their purest original form, without the ornament and accompaniment which gathered round them later. We may see in them the mental picture of the great appearances of the external world in that transition state when it was on its way to be fixed into a mythological personage, but still so far undefined as to be capable of being treated simply as a figure of what men saw and wondered at. And we may also trace in the *Vedas* the gradual unfolding of thoughts, one from another; the processes of personification, and of the parting of one greater and more comprehensive and diversified personality into subordinate and more limited ones; the displacement of elder gods by younger ones, the merging of one in another, the growth of an almost accidentally noticed attribute into the corner-stone of a mythology, the gradual confusion of later with earlier creations of the religious impulse, of more complex with more simple ones, and of things consecrated in worship with the object of worship themselves:—

If (says M. Maury) we possessed positive data respecting the relative age of the different hymns of the *Veda*, we might trace the gradual formation of the theogony of the Aryan, which is but a simple one. As it is, it is often in our power, by a comparison of these hymns, to perceive a successive derivation of ideas, in which the orderly development of the religious and poetical spirit shows itself. In the Vedic religion, as in almost all other polytheistic religions, two tendencies, of an opposite direction, have displayed themselves; two forces, acting, in some measure, counter to one another, have governed the progress of the religion. On the one side, there is the play of the imagination, ever creating new personifications and new myths, and enlarging more and more the domain of religious belief; on the other, the progress which the human intellect makes in the order of metaphysical ideas. These steps lead on to conceive 'ones less and less coarse of the divine nature, bring together the attributes assigned to each god, and thus tend to confound one with another the various persons of the Pantheon. Thus, the intellect is brought back to unity, from which the imagination is ever drawing it away. Hence it is that, while we follow in the *Rig-Veda* that multiplication of divinities which later on among the Hindoos, the heirs of the Aryan, became expanded almost without any limit, we perceive, in the language of the old hymn-writer, the idea showing itself that there is but one God, and that all the divinities are but forms. "The divine Spirit," says one of the hymns, "which pervades the heavens, is called Indra, Mitra, Varuna, Agni; the wise give to that which is but One, more than one name; it is Agni, Yama, Matarisvan." . . . But the return to the divine unity is but for a moment; the gleam of light is soon lost; for the imagination was for ever carrying the Aryan mind to the sensible and material images of physical life, which the religious instinct laid hold upon to create an increasing number of divinities. The *Vedas* have this highly valuable characteristic—that they afford us, more than any other sacred record of the same kind, the proof that it is from personifications, from allegories, and from metaphors, that all those numberless divinities have sprung which are found within the domain of polytheism at its highest pitch of development. Everything, in the hymns of the *Rig-Veda*, takes the form of life, and the personifying process is pushed so far that the context only can show us whether real beings are spoken of—that the poet gives to everything that surrounds him a soul, a human character; that he throws into an objective existence, by giving it a body, his own word, his own thought. A language so abounding in figures tended of necessity to a theogony of the richest kind; and, in fact, no mythology equals the exuberance of that of India.

M. Maury's illustrations from the *Vedas* are copious and interesting; and the way in which he pursues the vague and fluctuating yet subtle conceptions of the ancient worshippers through their manifold transformations and substitutions is ingenious and plausible. The Vedic hymns speak of Indra, the God of Heaven, in terms which, as M. Maury shows, may be placed side by side with the Psalms and other hymns of the Old Testament. But the attributes, the offices, the powers of Indra are not, as in the Old Testament, reserved for One, Supreme and Unequaled, with a nature which none can share, and with the incommunicable name; but they are found distributed in endless forms and combinations among a variety of divine persons. These seem to grow out of one another, or are changed and resolved one into another, in a way which is perfectly baffling to the ordinary Western reader; and M. Maury patiently and curiously tracks their transformations. The fire which is the source of such infinite benefits to civilized man, which belongs to earth and heaven, which comes down from the sky in the lightning, and also burns and cheers on the household hearth, became personified, first in ordinary language, and then in that of grateful and admiring devotion. Agni, the fire, spoken of in the vivid terms suggested by its various forms and uses, grew by degrees into a Divine Being, which

* *Croyances et Légendes de l'Antiquité. Essais de Critique appliquée à quelques points d'Histoire et Mythologie.* Par Alfred Maury. Paris: 1863.

became interchangeable with Indra himself, and which even threw the name of Indra into the background. The deity of the hearth and altar, the deity present to the eyes of man, and the helper of his needs, won a place in his interest and affections which the remote Greatness whose seat was in the unknown heavens failed to reach:—

Why this predominance of Agni over Indra? Why should the god of the domestic hearth, and of the sacrifice which is offered about it, take the place of the God of the sky? It is because man needs to behold, to feel nigh to him, the divinity which he invokes. Though he may thus reduce the proportions of this divine power, though he may lower its greatness, yet for this sole reason that he brings it near to his own earthly nature, he feels for it a keener love. Representing it to himself as more like the object which he loves, less removed from his miseries and his passions, he is more drawn to worship, to cherish it. Anthropomorphism is a necessity of the religious sentiment. The God of metaphysics, the divinity which is unfathomable and infinite, speaks not to our imagination, which is unable to grasp it. We can only love that which is like ourselves; and this is the reason why the secondary and more human divinities have always ended, in the popular worship, by usurping the place of the Supreme Being.

Still more curious is the account which M. Maury gives of the passing of the material of the sacrificial libation—the sacred juice of the Soma—into a distinct divine person, to whom the highest attributes are ascribed. The Soma—which in some of the hymns is presented as the sweet drink-offering to Agni and Indra, which supplies to the libation its consecrated liquid, and to the flame of the sacrifice its nourishment—becomes at last confounded with Agni. Soma is at length addressed as the "Immortal prince of sacrifices, the master of the saints, the friend of the gods, and the slayer of the wicked." He is invoked in the same terms as Indra himself; and in the course of time, as Agni superseded Indra, Soma supersedes Agni. "Thus in the Sāma Veda, Soma appears as the creator of all things, present, past, and to come—as the father of wisdom—as he who has made the sun to rise, and has created the sky, the air, and the stars."

The substitution of the libation personified for the supreme God is a singular phenomenon, which is not without its analogy in other religions. Indra, adored by the Aryans, was first, and very early, replaced by a divinity of more human character, more material, the mediator between man and the Supreme. Agni carried away from Indra, his father, the prayers and homage due exclusively to him. The Aryan believed that he saw in the flame a divinity; and as the flame lent itself more easily than the ether to a human personification, and this flame was supposed to have come down from heaven to earth to dwell on his hearth, Agni seemed to him more accessible to prayer than the other gods, more adapted to be our protector and support. Agni appeared to the imagination as a god incarnate, the emanation of the supreme God; placed less high than Indra, he answered better to the need of anthropomorphism which was felt by the Aryan people. But Agni, in his turn, became incarnate in the libation itself, in the offering which was made to him, and which he consecrated; and this libation became his image. The Aryan, as he drank the Soma, believed that there passed into his soul the virtues which Agni possessed, and soon this offering, honoured equally with Agni, was confounded with him, and became his sensible image and permanent manifestation.

Soma, the sacred juice, comes to be regarded as a real person, and addressed as such. Still retaining some of the original features of its material nature, Soma gives life, health, protection, immortality; as Agni became a mediator, so Soma fills the same place. Finally, Soma suffers, and is a sacrifice for men, as the sacred plant is bruised in the mortar; he gives his life for the world; his sacrifice is daily renewed when the offering is made afresh, "itself an image of the passion of Soma, and possessed of the same virtues as the passion itself." To the sacred banquet, or the flesh of the sacrifice, gods and men are invited, and he shares with Indra himself the majesty and the powers of the Divine nature. M. Maury drops not a word about the obvious parallel which suggests itself in the theology of his own country; but it is difficult to resist the suspicion that the presence, in his thoughts, of this parallel may perhaps have influenced him in choosing the terms by which he describes this singular development of ideas.

There can be little doubt, in general, that the Divine names and persons of the *Vedas* were once identical with names and mental images of the objects and powers of nature. But, as M. Maury remarks himself, the absence of all certain knowledge as to the chronological order and relation of the Vedic hymns makes any precise theory of development very precarious. M. Maury seems to speak of Indra as if he, the personified heaven, were the first effort of the religious impulse which, out of the forms and wonders of nature, shaped to itself ideas of divinity—as if he were the first object of worship to the Aryan shepherds, the source from which the Divine attributes flowed, which were in time distributed among other gods. The simplest and loftiest expressions of devotional praise and worship in the *Vedas* are doubtless addressed to Indra. But what is there to show at what period of the development of Vedic religion Indra appeared? or whether that religion mounted up by steps to the conception of the supreme, or descended from it to a multitude of gods? Again, it seems as if speculations like M. Maury's, though they illustrate the growth of a religion like that of the *Vedas*, fail to show its origin. They do but little to fill up the vast and, in appearance, impassable gulf which separates fetichism, the assumed antecedent condition of mankind, from a religion which conceived of the invisible and universal Indra, unique and supreme. Between fetichism and the religious ideas ascribed to the Aryan shepherds, there must have intervened a period of gradual elevation and education of mind and character, of which no account is to be found, in order for the sight and contemplation of nature to have awakened the trains of thought and powers of language which are presumed to have led to the doctrine embodied in the Vedic hymns. It is

not difficult to conceive how, when once the primary elements of the religion had been formed, they should lend themselves to such combinations and transformations as issued in the mythology of Vedic and Hindoo theology. But it is not so easy to form a notion of the circumstances under which religious ideas, in the graver and nobler form in which they often appear in the *Vedas*, first sprang to life among the primitive races. And the *Vedas* do not help us, for they presuppose these ideas, and show them already formed. Indra had been already thought out, named, and worshipped, before the Vedic hymns sang of him.

Besides this essay on the *Vedas*, and another on the Vedic divine name, Mitra, which passed into the religion of Persia, and through it into the superstitions of the Roman Empire, there are two papers on Christian legends. In one, M. Maury shows with much probability how a definite legend—that one in the apocryphal Gospel of Nicodemus, of the descent of our Lord into Hell—grew out of the rhetoric, which was meant for nothing but rhetoric, with which Christian preachers had treated of the Divine victory over death in their sermons. In another, he traces the parentage of the legend of St. Veronica, through endless confusions, variations, and additions, to a passage in the writings of the Gnostic Valentinus. This last is an odd specimen of the transformation of an heretical legend or an heretical saint into an orthodox one. The steps are curious enough; and, as M. Maury remarks, it is not the only example.

THE LIFE OF VICTOR HUGO.*

THIS biography of M. Victor Hugo is said to be by a witness of his life. Passages in it are evidently from his pen, and the greater part of it must have been written at his dictation. No other witness of his life except himself can have possibly known all that happened to him for the first forty years of his existence. But it ought not to be treated as an autobiography. It contains none of those revelations which the autobiography of a poet might be expected to contain. It does not explain his feelings or record the experiences of his inner life. It deals simply with his external history, and merely puts together those facts in his career which might be naturally interesting to a member of the family of an eminent man. The biographer evidently regards M. Hugo as eminent men are often regarded in their families, and puts down with great simplicity all that can possibly be scraped together as illustrative of the hero's career. Every little story about M. Hugo's childhood that he could call to memory is preserved as a precious jewel which the world cannot afford to lose. The general effect is wearisome in the extreme. We, in England, have come to a decision against such biographies. We have determined that a man's being a poet neither entitles the world to know, nor the poet's friends to reveal, how much he pays a-week for washing, or how often he was whipped when he was a child. The pettinesses of biography are now reserved almost exclusively for the lives of great religious lights. But in France, perhaps, the biography of Victor Hugo will still be thought in good taste. English readers will find it puerile, and abominably long; but still there is some interest in the story of M. Hugo's career, and, if the story had been written shortly and simply, the interest would have been much more apparent.

The father of Victor Hugo was a soldier of some distinction, who began his military career at a very early age, and served in Germany, in Italy, and in Spain, as well as in France itself. While taking part in the war of Vendée, Major Hugo made the acquaintance of a family named Trebuchet, living at Nantes, and ultimately married one of the daughters. They had three sons, of whom Victor, born in 1802, was the youngest. When he was three years old, his father went off to the war in Italy, and his mother established herself in Paris. This is the earliest date to which the memory of M. Victor Hugo goes back, and we have offered us these recollections of this epoch of his life. He recollects, and now records, that he was sent to school; but being too young for lessons, was taken to the bedroom of Mademoiselle Rose, the master's daughter, and that he on several occasions saw this lady put on her stockings. But a still stronger impression was made by a drama, in which he had to play the part of a child. Finding it long, he dug something sharp into the leg of Mademoiselle Rose, who was playing the chief part, on which that lady exclaimed, "Veux tu bien finir, petit vilain?" These anecdotes, at any rate, make the reader feel sure that he will know everything that can be known about the early days of the author of *Les Misérables*, and that nothing will be thought small enough to be omitted. His father at last sent for his wife and children to Italy, and they all obeyed the summons. "Victor's greatest fear was lest the carriage should be overturned. At every oscillation, at the jolt of the smallest stone, he thought himself upset." Not long afterwards they returned to Paris, and Victor admired some dragons, and tried to tear his trousers so as to make them look like the trousers of dragons. When Joseph Bonaparte was sent to Spain, General Hugo went with him, and the portion of the book which is most nearly readable describes the difficulties with which the French had to contend in a country where they were so bitterly hated as in Spain. Again Madame Hugo and the children were sent for, and now Victor was nine years old. The journey gave rise to what is called in the *Memoirs*

* Victor Hugo, raconté par un Témoin de sa Vie. Brussels: Lacroix. 1863.

"Une idylle à Bayonne." The house where Madame Hugo stayed, in passing through Bayonne, belonged to a widow, who had a daughter a year older than Victor. She used to read to Victor to amuse him, but he did not hear a word, because he was entirely taken up with looking at her. "Her skin had the delicate whiteness of a camelia. He would look at her at his ease while she was reading—when she raised her eyes in his direction he became quite red." We are told that M. Hugo now says, of these loves of childhood, that they are "the first cry of the rising heart, and the crow of the cock of love." Thirty-three years afterwards he was at Bayonne, and tried to discover what had become of the girl who had first made the cock of his love crow, but no one knew anything about her.

After they had crossed the Spanish frontier, they found a very disturbed state of things. At one town, recently burnt to ruins, the family passed the night; and the children amused themselves with climbing about the fallen stones. Victor fell, and was so much hurt as to be insensible; but the next day there was no further result of the dreadful fall except a small scar, "que M. Victor Hugo a eue." The "witness" of Victor Hugo's life seems to take a great interest in these personal marks, for we are further informed that M. Hugo has two other scars—one from a dog who bit his finger, and another from a schoolfellow who hurt his knee; and it is added, very much in the style of M. Victor Hugo himself, that these scars still last, "car tout s'efface, excepté les blessures." Some days later, they slept in a large house, where the children were in a yellow bedroom; and there Victor saw a picture of a virgin with her heart pierced by seven arrows. "He still sees that picture now, with the incredible precision of memory which he has in his eyes as well as in his mind." The next year things looked so bad in Spain that General Hugo sent away his family to Paris. The children thought their garden looked small when they saw it again, but when their mother made them tidy and water it, they found out it was large enough. They had to work in the garden whether they wished or not, and "perhaps it was from this that M. Victor has to this day a taste for gardens that are left to grow wild, and are watered only by rain." His literary powers soon began to show themselves, and at the age of thirteen he was already a poet of some standing; and during the next three years, which he passed at school, he tried every kind of poetical composition, including a comic opera. Many of these private pieces are now given to the world, the witness thinking that the public would like to see what "the great bird was when in the egg." When Victor was about sixteen, he produced a melo-drama in three acts, called *Inez de Castro*, and this specimen of the egg is set out in full, and occupies seventy pages. At seventeen, he sent two compositions to the Academy of Toulouse, one of which gained the golden amarant, and the other the golden lily with which Toulouse rewards the efforts of her poets. The next year he was equally successful with a poem on *Moses in the Nile*. These three prizes gave him, we are informed, a full claim to be termed a *maître es-jours-floraux*, and at eighteen years of age he was an *academicien de province*.

To Englishmen these honours do not seem very dazzling. We are not able to estimate what measure of glory is involved in obtaining the golden amarant of Toulouse. So readers here will not be sorry when they get to the end of this youthful success, and find Victor established at Paris, adopting literature as a profession, welcomed by such men as Chateaubriand, and the friend of Lamartine and a host of lesser lights. Victor's mother was by birth a Royalist, and her marriage with a general of the Empire had not impaired her affection for the old family. Her sons were brought up in her way of thinking; and the death of the Duke of Berry supplied Victor with the subject of an ode which gained him favour in Royalist circles, and some notice at Court. Chateaubriand was much pleased with this ode, and pronounced its author to be a sublime child (*enfant sublime*). This was repeated to Victor Hugo, and it seems to have been expected, in consequence, by every one, and even by Chateaubriand himself, that Victor would of course call to thank him. Few books suggest in so many small ways the minuter differences between French and English society. Here, nothing would be thought more odd than that a young man should call to thank a stranger who, in the course of conversation, had called him a sublime child. The visit was paid, and Chateaubriand made a polite speech, and then was wholly silent, but asked his visitor to come again early some morning. A friend who accompanied Victor explained that in this interview M. de Chateaubriand had been *charmant*, for he was often four or five hours without saying anything; and so Victor determined to repeat his visit. He went, and Chateaubriand was exceedingly gracious, asked whether M. Hugo had been making any more verses, expressed a wish that he himself had stuck to verse instead of prose, and sent his secretary to find the manuscript of a poem on Moses. "The author of *René* then read with pomp and conviction a dialogue and a chorus imitated from Racine," in which his auditor found one line to praise, and praised it tenaciously. Chateaubriand then stripped stark naked and was washed in a big tub by his valet, and was so much refreshed that he afterwards conversed charmingly while brushing his teeth. Nor was this the end of the relations of the author of *René* with the sublime child, for when Chateaubriand was appointed ambassador at Berlin he offered to take Victor with him as an attaché, nor would he hear of any excuse until Victor explained to him that it was impossible he should quit his mother.

He was not destined to have her long with him. She died

very soon after his second interview with Chateaubriand, and Victor, when only nineteen, was cut off suddenly from the tie that had hitherto been so much to him. Like all other human beings, however, to whom youth offers the certainty of consolation, he found a balm for his sorrow. Curiously enough, General Hugo had an old friend, M. Foucher, who was married at the same time that General Hugo was; and the two friends had agreed that, if they had children, the son of one should marry the daughter of the other. Victor, at the age of seventeen, was desperately smitten with Mademoiselle Adèle Foucher, and when she heard of his mother's death she showed so much sympathy and tenderness that they were instantly betrothed. Not long afterwards they were married, although the recklessness as to dates with which this part of the biography is compiled leaves us uncertain when exactly the marriage took place. But we gather that Victor had not above forty pounds a year of fixed income, which was derived from a pension granted him by Louis XVIII., and that he certainly could not have been more than twenty-one. Soon after his marriage he began to write for the theatre, though with indifferent success. When he was twenty-seven he wrote the *Dernier Jour d'un Condamné*, suggested by the sights at executions he had himself witnessed. This work gives occasion to the "witness" to make a slight digression of about seventy pages, in which are recounted all the utterances of M. Hugo against capital punishment from that time to this. At last, in 1830, he had a great theatrical success with *Hernani*. It was not, however, an uncontested success, for the admirers of the classical drama were strongly against it, and for weeks a battle was fought every night to decide whether the piece should be played to the end or not. The literary world, however, was, in general, loud in praise of this composition; and Chateaubriand sent a note to Victor, in which he said—"My vanity attaches itself to your lyre—you know why. I am waning, Sir, and you are coming forwards. I commend myself to the remembrance of your muse. A pious glory ought to pray for the dead." It was not, however, the lyre of the author that next sounded. He had undertaken to write a prose story for a publisher, and the publisher held him to his bargain. So rigid was the pressure thus exercised that Victor Hugo apparently could only accomplish his task by making all distractions and relaxation impossible. He locked up all his clothes, and sat for some months in a grey dressing gown. Precisely as he had finished a whole bottle of ink, he also finished *Notre Dame*. It sufficed to make his fame in conjunction with his poetry, and for the next ten years he was one of the great celebrities of France. He had divested himself of the royalist sympathies which he had inherited from his mother, and, as the witness puts it, comprehended that a man who had got up such a row in the theatrical world ought to be on the side of political revolution. So he "sang the victory of the people," having, however, the generosity to insert a few lines of respectful consolation to the exiled King. The new Government soon offended him by preventing one of his plays from being acted. There was in it a verse—"Vos mères aux laquais se sont prostituées," and this was thought to be *évidemment à l'adresse du roi*. M. Victor instantly resigned a pension which had been given him under the former dynasty, and set himself free to be as adverse to the Government as he pleased. This incident drew from Joseph Bonaparte a long letter, which is inserted in the book, and is one of the most curious things it contains. After some criticism on the play, and many expressions of kindness towards the son of his old friend, he goes on to state his own views about Napoleon. He thinks that Napoleon always longed for peace, but that Pitt always desired war; that Napoleon was a true friend of liberty, and would have laid down his dictatorship if his neighbours would but have allowed him to be quiet. That Joseph, having had so many years to reflect on what had happened, should write this in 1833, while living in England, where he might easily have learnt that Pitt died before Napoleon's greatest wars were fought, may only show what a very feeble creature Joseph was; but it is still more strange, and it is to the credit of both brothers, to find that at the end of the letter he entreats Victor Hugo to come over to England, that he may talk to his heart's content about the Emperor whom he had loved so dearly. The rest of the work is taken up with an account of the reception accorded to two others of Victor Hugo's plays, and of his visit to Versailles in 1837, on the occasion of the marriage of the Duke of Orleans. He was now famous enough to write for political as well as literary glory, and he determined to enter public life. But he had no means of getting elected as a deputy, and he therefore fixed his thoughts on the House of Peers. The road to this distinction lay through the Academy, and in 1841 he was elected. "Thenceforward," to borrow the concluding words of the witness, "he had his foot on the first step of the tribune, and commenced a new existence, which will be the object of a new publication."

CALENDAR OF STATE PAPERS, 1664-65.*

AS we go on with this really valuable series of Calendars, we more and more regret that Mrs. Green gives no sort of introduction to each separate volume. Even those who are best acquainted with the history of the time would not at all despise

* *Calendar of State Papers, Domestic Series, of the Reign of Charles II., 1664-1665, Preserved in Her Majesty's Public Record Office. Edited by Mary Anne Everett Green. London: Longman & Co. 1863.*

a clear summary of the principal matters illustrated by the documents contained in the Calendar. Thus, in the volume now before us, we come upon such important matters as the Dutch War and the Great Plague. But, of course, in a series of documents of this kind, the War and the Plague come in only in an incidental and allusive sort of way. We find ourselves in the midst of them without any such preparation as we should find in a narrative history. The person who looks through the Calendar must either have an unusually clear memory or else must keep some history of the time by his side. A preliminary sketch would serve the purpose of such a history, with the special advantage of being written with the documents before the author, and with immediate reference to the points which they illustrate. And there is no hallowed prescription of the office the other way, such as may be pleaded against some of the improvements which we have now and then proposed in the management of the kindred series. Mr. Bruce always gives us a very useful Introduction to each volume; and so did Mr. Turnbull, till Mr. Newdegate and his Protestant brethren determined that he should no longer edit anything at all. So we really cannot see why Mrs. Green should not do the like. We do not know what Mrs. Green's theological views may be, or whether she is afraid of a repetition of Mr. Turnbull's martyrdom at the hands of any party. Herein lies her safety. Mr. Turnbull was persecuted, because he was already known in the theological world. Had it not been well known what his religion was, no one could have smelled it out from the strictly neutral savour of his prefaces. Mrs. Green is lucky enough to have avoided theological notoriety. She may, therefore, write a preface as discreet as those of Mr. Bruce or Mr. Turnbull, or as the single one which she gave us in her first volume, without any fear either of Smithfield or of Exeter Hall.

As we get deeper into the reign of Charles II., the peculiar forms of corruption which are so characteristic of that reign begin to show themselves more plainly. The distinctive thing about the earlier volumes was the countless crowd of petitioners, begging for offices or other rewards of service, real or imaginary, during the civil war. These do not wholly stop in the present volume; and one particular form of them is as rife as ever—that, namely, by which the King was prayed (and not often prayed in vain) to interfere with the regular course of academical elections or of ecclesiastical patronage. There are the usual number of recommendations to Chapters and Colleges to do this and that on behalf of some favoured person, all statutes to the contrary notwithstanding. But, alongside of these petitions, we now meet with another class, for which there was less room during the first moments of revived loyalty. We get a little insight into the nature of Charles's administration from the many petitions, not from those who want pensions or offices, but from those who have got pensions or offices to have their allowances and salaries regularly paid. Many of these people most likely did not deserve anything; still they were shamefully treated in not regularly receiving that to which they had a lawful claim. This abuse naturally leads to a much worse one, about the worst of which any Government can be guilty. No crime can be greater than for a prince to go to war, and then to neglect the regular payment and victualling of his forces. With a land army, neglect of this sort at once turns soldiers into brigands. Sailors are less dangerous on land, and cannot so easily turn pirates at sea; so they must, for a while at least, suffer without redress. Throughout that portion of the Dutch war which comes into this volume, we find constant complaints of the neglect of the fleet, and the miserable condition of the sailors. We may believe that the Duke of York and Pepys, whatever their faults in other ways, were not among the guilty in this matter; but when everybody, from the King downwards, is corrupt, one or two men, even in high office, can do very little. And alongside of wars, plagues, and general corruption, we find the same constant reports of plots, real and pretended, and the same persecution of Nonconformists, purely on account of their religion. The Anabaptists may perhaps have been politically dangerous; but the worst that can be said of the Quakers is that they must have been most frightful bores. When they disturbed other people in churches or courts of justice, they were of course rightly punished; but their own religious assemblies, if ridiculous, must surely have been harmless. The change in the character of this sect, from the raving fanatics of the seventeenth century to the familiar type of the peaceful, respectable, well-to-do Quaker of our own times, is really one of the strangest things in religious history.

During the time that the Plague was at its height, the persecution was slightly relaxed, though it may be remembered that the severe Five Mile Act was the result of the reaction after the Plague had departed. An anonymous correspondent, on July 22, 1665, writes thus to Lord Arlington:—

There is a general disposition to quietness and to improve the liberty allowed, in praying for removal of the plague. At the meetings, there is a sense expressed of the Lord's displeasure for the sins of the people, but no reflections on the Government. If the King heard their earnest prayers for God's mercy and favour, and their deep contrition for their own sins and those of the land, he would not think them unworthy of the prudent indulgence which he declares for. There is no cause for fear unless some desperate Commonwealth men avail themselves of the present distress of the poor to excite tumults; but they can do little, the town being so emptied of those from whom they hope assistance. The Dutch refuse to countenance any faction against Government, because none can assure them of any united interest on which they can rely to make a disturbance. The party could move in Scotland, but are too much discouraged both from Holland and England.

Lord Arlington here appears with his baronial honours upon him. Earlier in the volume, he was only Sir Simon Bennet, and there are some curious entries, at the time of his being raised to the peerage, about the title which he should take. With a weakness not unknown in our own day, he despised his own surname; but what the particular objection to a Lady Bennet was, is just the point which one would have been glad of a note to explain. We find, in a letter to Williamson, that—

Sec. Bennet will not have his own name in his title, to avoid any appearance of evil in his future lady, Lady Bennet being of too famous reputation in the world. He has considered almost all places, Falmouth, Paddington, and Colebrooke; he prefers the latter, if not already bestowed.

And just before, Sir Edward Walker, Garter-King-at-Arms, witnesses—

That Sec. Bennet being most nobly descended, on the mother's side, from several Earls' families, might take the name of one of them, as Bradston, or Ingoldsthorp; the titles of St. Amand and Dunsmore are void; or he might take one from some place in his possession, as Dawley, his father's house, or be baron of the place near Andover, where he received his honourable star, if it have a good termination.

Complaints of the treatment of the sailors abound. On the 7th of April, 1665, Commissioner Pett, writing to Pepys, "desires money, for the poor men clamour much, some of them having eaten no flesh for weeks." A remonstrance of Sir William Coventry's, a few days later, is worth giving at greater length:—

After all this expense and pains, the fleet is likely to remain unseviceable, through defect on the victualler's part; supposed before that the delay proceeded from contrary winds, or sloth in the hoymen, but as other vessels and stores from the Navy Office come in, and only two small vessels of victuals, fears that Mr. Gauden has not the stock pretended. Beer especially is deficient; is afraid there is a lack of casks. The defects from Harwich are worse and more inexcusable, Mr. Gauden having orders, four months ago, to provide victuals in that port, and to prepare for the whole Straits fleet to return there; but though two of that fleet went to Chatham, yet now the rest are cleaned and ready to leave Harwich, their beer is not brewed. They are melancholy about the victuals, for if a store be not provided within a month, to last till November, the weather will be too hot to prepare them so that they can be relied on. It will be said that if the victualler send bad victuals, it is his loss, they must be thrown overboard; but that will not repair the King's loss, if his fleet cannot keep the sea, when he has most need of their service. Has long thought one man insufficient for such a task. Has had Mr. Gauden brought before Council, but although his own agent showed that he had only victuals at Portsmouth for 1,700 men, when he said he had enough for 4,000, he was dismissed without a chiding, affirming that the agent did not know, though upon the place, whilst Gauden was remote from it. When such neglect is not punished, people only make themselves enemies by complaining. Wishes inventories may be taken of masts, cordage, anchors, &c., in store, to supply a fleet which employs 4,000 tons of cordage; supplies should be ready to refit the ships after a fight, even if the King had to pawn the ring off his finger for money. Blind and general discourses that "we have a brave fleet, and we will be at them," will not avail, where there is neither money, victuals, nor materials to carry on the war. Does not wish to be over officious in informing His Majesty of these things, and would not do it now, if all were not at stake. Unless the King stir vigorously in the matter, fair words and friends will destroy the business. Goes somewhat beyond bounds, from an earnest desire that His Majesty should be served, and that nothing under his Royal Highness's name and conduct should be reflected upon.

The same writer, a month later, tells the same story, though he mixes it up with some lighter matter:—

Hears that the Hamburg vessels still remain there. Hopes good luck to the fleet, but only fears about the men; no industry nor philosophy can preserve them, while they gain 8*l.* ready money more easily on board a collier than 2*s.* on the King's ships, for which they have to wait a year. The Duchess and her beautiful maids are departing, therefore long letters must not be expected from men under such a calamity; would vent their desperation on the Dutch, were not the victualler as cruel as the ladies. He is said to be there, but does not appear, as his method is when he cannot give content. Many ships have been on short allowance, some have drunk water, and some been in danger of neither having beer nor water.

We have heard of people in our own time refusing to go to church because a certain prayer was read. It seems that in those days there were those who refused to go because it was not read, and got into trouble in consequence:—

"Mr. Woodbridge's reasons and excuses for himself for not coming to church more than once on the Sunday;" viz. that Mr. Sayer, who takes on him to be the bishop there, does not read the prayers for Christ's Church, according to law; that he cannot tell what law he has transgressed; that he thought the proclamation was only meant for six months, and had expired; that if recusants by going to church once a month escape a fine of 2*0*l.** per month, he ought to be eased of one of 12*d.* by going on a Sunday night; with replies to each point, and note that Bond, Blake, Peirce, and Milton wished to plead the same excuse.

Amongst other petitions, we meet with many from High Sheriffs, asking, and generally obtaining, dispensation for living out of their counties during their year of office. This marks a stage in the gradual change of the sheriff's duties from the overworked functionary of the days of Henry III. to the graceful pageant of our own time.

The Post-office was a new institution in those days, and seems not to have arrived at perfection all at once. One Richard Watts complains to Secretary Williamson that—

The post-office makes him pay for his letters, although they are marked with Mr. Hickes' name, and free; many letters of consequence are never delivered, and some are kept five or ten days in the office.

In the following entry we suspect a mistake:—

The King to the [Dean and Chapter of Christ Church, Oxford]. The legacy of 90*0*l.** a year, bequeathed by — Thurstan to that college, having come to their hands after long suit, and the present dean and chapter having greatly improved the revenue of the college, the money is to be employed in increasing the salaries of the singing men 5*s.* a quarter, and in adding one to the 100 students founded there.

Surely it could not be 600*l.* a-year, but 600*l.* down; otherwise, after deducting 1*l.* yearly to each of the eight singing-men, there would remain the splendid income—splendid indeed in those days—of 892*l.* a-year for the Thurstan student. If we rightly remember, this was the benefaction to “King’s College, Oxford,” or some such unusual description, about which there was a dispute between Christ Church and some other Colleges.

Here is a specimen of the talk of the disaffected at the time, coming under a not uncommon head of “Sectaries’ paper:”—

Discourse on the reasons which England has to reject the Stuarts; viz. the taxes, exactions, and episcopal tyranny of the late King; the heavier yoke of this King, who permits none to speak publicly in the name of Jesus, but he must worship the Liturgy, or be thrown into a dungeon; men are hauled up and down, by fifty or one hundred, to prisons, wounded and slashed for praying, &c.; corporations enslaved, taxes multiplied, and public spirited men hunted down by the blood-hounds of the Court, and murdered. Exhortation to the people to say “To thy tents, O Israel!” and call the Stuarts to account for their stewardship! Those who received the King may as lawfully reject and put him to death, for falsity and perjury. Appeal to God to inspire the people to discern their duty, and to put a two-edged sword into their hands, to execute his judgments, &c.

In such a reign as Charles’s we are not surprised to find that there were writers ready to write on whichever side paid them best. The person concerned in the following entry is described in another as “the scribbling cobbler:”—

Ralph Wallis to Sec. Bennet. Begs him not to crush a worm unworthy of his hand, but restore him to liberty, being in a messenger’s custody, and not to starve a poor family for scribbling a little drollery, stories picked up, for bread; only touched the priests that they may learn better manners, and will scribble as much against fanatics, when the worm gets into his cracked pate, as it did when he wrote those books.

The conservative mind of Sir Joseph Williamson—who, as Mrs. Green tells us, never destroyed a scrap of paper—has preserved to us some records which hardly come under the head of State Papers. Such, for instance, are the prescriptions of his physician, Dr. Quartermain, from which we are sorry to learn that the Secretary was in what some people call the “enjoyment” of bad health, and that he had to take asses’ milk for his infirmities. He also had some very odd correspondents at all times. For example, John Steward, whom Mrs. Green not unnaturally suggests to have been a madman, addresses him in this sort. He—

Begs help to establish King James’s son, the founder of many cities, in the house where Mr. Cornish dwells. His cows have been killed; wishes all cow killers blinded till the wronged are satisfied. Wants an appointment in the King’s chapel or bedchamber for his son, Mark Coleman, who can sing, play on the viols, and preach extempore.

Here is a precursor of Thierry’s theory about Normans and “Saxons.” Nevertheless, Charles II. could draw up as clear a pedigree to Cerdic as to William, both being only in the female line:—

Statement by Thos. Clarke, that Rob. Nicholas, of Seend, co. Wilts, one of the barons [of Exchequer] to the late usurper, boasted that he drew up the charge against the late King, and would do it again if needful, for His Majesty is of the Norman race and unfit to reign; desires a warrant against him. With deposition by John Stokes that the words were spoken in May last, behind St. Clement’s in the Strand. Sworn before John Coell, Master in Chancery. Endorsed with a note that Stokes lived at Seend, Wiltshire, near Devizes.

We lately saw a question as to the age of the word “doll.” It is certain that, as late as the days of Addison, a child’s puppet still had no more distinctive name than a “baby.” So, when we read of an “importer of Hamburg and Nuremberg wares—viz. boxes, babies, toys, and other light commodities”—we must understand the “babies” to have been made of wood or wax, and that the case was in no way analogous to those “kidnappers” and “spirits” whom we have heard of in other volumes as given to carry off children of flesh and blood.

We are heartily thankful to Mrs. Green for her very useful labours; but we must renew our request that she will allow us distinct prefaces to the remaining volumes, of which there must be a good many in store.

MODERN EGYPT.*

THE Eastern question, in spite of temporary diversions effected by the affairs of Italy and Poland, is still the great problem which the politicians of Europe have to solve, or rather, the solution of which they await in helpless perplexity. An original and capable observer of men and things in Turkey and her subject provinces is therefore sure of a welcome. Mr. Paton received this from us when, little more than a year ago, he published the results of his residence and researches in the countries bordering on the Danube and Adriatic. He has now made a wide circuit, and in his present volumes approaches the same great subject—the relations of the Ottoman Empire to its neighbours and dependencies—from another side. His theme is the modern history of Egypt. After sketching, with some detail, the period from the Arab conquest to the fall of the Fatimite dynasty, and passing very briefly over the Mameluke period, he gives a minute and very stirring story of the French invasion; and in the remaining and largest portion of the work, he treats of the reign of Mohammed Ali, and the changes, social and political, introduced into the country by that great man. The special value of the book is that, whilst, as to the last of these periods, Mr. Paton speaks from personal knowledge—having been diplomatically employed at Cairo in 1839 and the following

years, and having more recently travelled in Syria and Egypt—he introduces into the earlier divisions of his narrative a number of extracts from native writers, such as Nakoula-el-Turk and Abderrahman Gabarty. It is always important to know the aspect which events present to the people amongst whom they happen, and there is something particularly attractive to the European in the curious manner in which circumstances with which he is familiar in their matter-of-fact Western dress are mistified and transformed in their passage through the Oriental mind. Makrizi, the great topographer and historian of the fifteenth century, is largely drawn upon in the introductory sketch, and Abderrahman for the expedition of Bonaparte. The archeology of Cairo throws considerable light upon the earlier period. The great city is an accretion of villages and towns which were the successive capitals of successive conquerors, each of whom commemorated his success by building a mosque, and most of these mosques are still standing and used for worship, or traceable, in various stages of ruin, at the present day. One of them commemorates that extraordinary being, the Caliph Hakem, who was a sort of compound of Nero, William the Conqueror, and Joe Smith, and, giving himself out for an incarnation of the Deity, became, through his apostle Hamza, the founder of the religious theory of the Druses. He employed a gigantic system of espionage at once to promote the execution of justice and to carry out practical jokes, allowed no woman to leave her house, or even appear upon the roof, and, to avenge an insult to his sister, wasted Cairo with fire and the sword of his mercenaries.

But the proper subject of Mr. Paton’s book is the Egyptian Revolution. The complex fact to which he gives this name has three principal component parts—the fall of the Mameluke Beys, the rise of Mohammed Ali and his revolt from the Porte, and the radical changes brought about by him in every department of Egyptian life. The Moslem countries, isolated from Christendom ever since the Crusades, had remained nearly stationary for three hundred years. The era of feudalism was prolonged amongst them to the end of the last century, and their military tactics, especially, were entirely mediæval. The French invasion, by revealing the weakness of this system and the uselessness of the Oriental chivalry when opposed to modern artillery, roughly put an end to the middle ages of Egyptian history. Such was its social result. Its immediate political effect was to crush the power of the Beys, whose fall, however, gave no strength to the central Government of the Porte. Mohammed Ali had the genius to see that Egypt needed reconstruction, and Egypt Europeanized proved less manageable than ever by the still Oriental armies of the Sultan.

The French hankering for Egypt is no new phenomenon, and the idea of Bonaparte’s expedition was not original. Before starting, he was furnished from the archives of the War Office with the plans of a similar invasion projected by Louis XV. The whole affair exhibits prominently the virtues and the failings of the time. If the savans who formed the “Institute of Egypt” worthily represented the new ardour for all knowledge, especially for physical science, we are reminded by the speeches and proclamations of the Commander-in-Chief that the philanthropy of the age was not a little inflated with bombast. Bonaparte’s temporary Islamism was a curious result of the doctrine of the brotherhood of all men, and of the radical identity of all creeds. But there is so much affinity between the Moslem doctrine and some of the obscurer features of his character, that we are hardly disposed with our author to consider it wholly an affectation. He certainly, however, now gave to any such tendency which he may privately, and perhaps unconsciously, have possessed, an exaggerated public profession for political purposes. The opening of his artful proclamation on landing comes oddly from the leader of the armies once led by St. Louis. “In the name of God, the merciful, the indulgent, there is no God but God. He has no Son, and reigns without a partner,” &c. The French came, of course, in support of the rightful authority of the Sultan, as deliverers from the extortions of the Beys, and to demonstrate “that all men are equal before God; that intelligence, virtue, and science, are the only distinctions between them.” Neither, however, Bonaparte’s assumption of a divine mission nor his proclamation of liberty and equality found any favour with the people, who, indeed, were much puzzled by what they saw and heard. The planting of a tree of liberty is described by a native historian as accompanied by the reading of a paper that nobody could understand—“either orders, reproaches, or a sermon.” They disliked the novel police arrangements—for instance, the enforced lighting of the streets. “All the people,” says Abderrahman, “busied themselves with the lanterns as if they had no other cares.” Again:—

Ordinances were published which introduced pernicious customs, and copies of them sent to the principal inhabitants, and placarded in the streets and at the gates of mosques. An agglomeration of clauses, repetitions, and words without order, tended to legitimate robbery. . . . Travellers were obliged to be furnished with a piece of paper (passport), which was paid for; the certificates of births and deaths were paid for; and, in short, in all transactions between man and man recourse must be had to the pocket.

The story of Napoleon’s Egyptian expedition is pleasant reading for an Englishman. Its fate was sealed when Nelson appeared off Aboukir, and the defence of Acre by Sir Sidney Smith rolled back the invasion of Syria. Mr. Paton tells the story well. He throws no fresh light, however, upon the conduct of Napoleon in the Jaffa massacres and poisonings. The former he considers a great political blunder, the latter he seems inclined to excuse.

The second volume is occupied with Mohammed Ali. A native of Roumelia, where he had been a trader in tobacco, he entered

* *A History of the Egyptian Revolution.* By A. A. Paton, F.R.G.S. 2 vols. London: 1863.

Egypt with the force which, under Sir Ralph Abercrombie, finally expelled the French from the country; and to him it was principally due that the Mameluke Beys did not after that event recover their former supremacy. As Mr. Paton speaks from personal observation, his estimate of this remarkable character is worthy of attention. He attributes to him consummate coolness in the greatest dangers, profound dissimulation of his own plans, coupled with a marvellous discernment of the motives of others, and unbounded liberality to his friends. The picture has, however, its darker shades. He was perfectly unscrupulous in the choice of means to gain his ends; he was morbidly desirous of importance in the councils of nations, and quite in the dark as to the truths of political economy. We can feel little wonder at this in a man who only learnt to read and write when forty-three years old. He worked wonders with very poor appliances, and is, after all, best painted in his own words to Sir John Bowring:—

Do not judge me by the standard of your knowledge. Compare me with the ignorance that is around me. We cannot apply the same rules to Egypt as to England. Centuries have been required to bring you to your present state. I have only had a few years. You have numbers of intelligent persons who comprehend their rulers and carry on their work. I can find very few to understand me and do my bidding.

Mohammed Ali's military successes, or rather, those of his generals, against the Mamelukes and the Wahabys, in Nubia and in Syria, are better known than his still more important measures of internal policy. The most gigantic of the changes which he effected was his seizure of the whole fee-simple of the land, by a wholesale scrutiny and arbitrary condemnation of title-deeds. Thus Egypt became nearly "one great farm, held at a nominal rent of the Sultan." Mohammed Ali derived from this arrangement a vast accession of wealth and power, while an enormous bureaucracy fattened at the expense of the wretched tillers of the soil and the ruined landed proprietors. After overcoming a very formidable opposition, he introduced European tactics and drill into his army, established military and medical schools, and sent promising pupils to complete their education in Paris and London. He brought the sea-island cotton seed from America, and imported skilled indigo planters from India. Having found the country in the most complete state of anarchy, he enforced such admirable order by means of his system of police, that it was possible to apply the improvements in steam navigation to the revival of the overland route. We have no space to follow Mr. Paton through the vicissitudes of the Pacha's rebellion till his final recognition by the Porte as hereditary Viceroy. The story is confused and somewhat dull, though probably not more so than the nature of the transactions rendered inevitable. But it appears to us that the European aspect of the struggle might have been more fully brought out, and such materials as M. Guizot's *Memoirs* might have been resorted to with advantage. The author thinks the difficulties in the way of making the Suez Canal almost insurmountable, so much so that it could only be constructed by the united Governments of Europe as a monument of human magnificence, and would then probably be useless. Nor has he any better opinion of the proposed channel by the Dead Sea. He looks rather to railway communication between the Black Sea and the valley of the Tigris for the acceleration of the overland route. His opinion of the Ottoman Power seems to be higher than is generally entertained. Acknowledging that it never recovers lost ground in Christendom, he does not believe that the Turkish Government, since the reforms of Sultan Mahmoud, is worse than other Eastern Governments, or worse now than at any of the antecedent periods of its own history. The Greek revolution was not fatal to the Porte, because the modern Greek is inferior in sincerity and bravery to the Osmanli Turk, and because the great Bulgarian tribe have never zealously co-operated with their co-religionists against the Moslem.

In these volumes, as in his former work, Mr. Paton uses his theory of races, as the *Deus ex machina*, at every turn. We hear constantly of "nervous force," "muscular power," "Gaelic sensibility," and "Teutonic phlegm." The valley of the Nile offers a fair field for such speculations. The sandy and sterile hills that fringe it being unsuited for habitation, the people are forced to live uninterruptedly in the plain, "where there is a rapid consumption of vital force," and so Egypt is constantly enslaved by a succession of more vigorous invaders. Mr. Paton, now as formerly, not only stops short of recent events, but has a curious way of seeming to ignore them. His book would perhaps gain in unity of design were it curtailed of the chapter upon the genius of Napoleon, and it should certainly be relieved of the disquisition on French literature and art. But these are venial faults in what is really a mine of original observation.

THE WANDERER IN WESTERN FRANCE.*

THIS is just the kind of book to attract praise or censure according to the passing mood of the reader's mind. Its merits are real, but they are not great; and its faults, though not unusually flagrant, are decided. On a fine day, when the wind was not in the East, the critic, if neither disturbed by dyspepsia nor chronically cynical, would forgive the writer his stories about Du Guesclin, the Vendean war, the La Roche-Jacqueline, and other such surprising novelties, for the sake of his

good-humour, his readiness to be pleased, and his tolerant and liberal spirit. Under less favourable circumstances, he might ask Mr. Lowth what possessed him that he should imagine the world cared to know how he travelled from Jersey, through a few towns in Brittany and La Vendée, and back again; and what are his ideas of the primeval ignorance of English people, that he should think it necessary to furnish them with a map of his journeyings. On the whole, we are disposed to take the more friendly view of Mr. Lowth's performance, slight as it is, and inordinately spun out. His stories are not exciting, but they are not vulgar, or what is often thought smart by modern travellers. The conversations he records are for the most part mild to the last degree, but they seem to be genuine. Here is a specimen of what he thinks it worth while to print, and, of course, expects us to find entertaining:—

On the high road leading up to the town was a man, with a cart and horse, waiting till the train had passed, that he might cross the line. I asked him if there was not a village called Prinquiaux near the town.

"Yes," said he, "it lies over there;" pointing, at the same time, across the railway to the west.

"Is it far?" said I.

"Not at all; it is an hour's walk from here."

"That is the road to Guérande, then?" said I, pointing to the road across the railway.

"Quite right, that is the Guérande road straight before you."

Thus I was on the road direct for Prinquiaux.

This exciting dialogue leads, indeed, to one of the most really interesting portions of the book, though even in this case our feelings are not deeply roused, nor do we find our stock of knowledge increased by any very valuable addition. Mr. Lowth hunted out an old peasant who, as a boy, had witnessed some few scenes in the great Vendean war, and extracted from him a reminiscence of the reckless cruelties of the Republicans—not very striking or novel, as we have said, but still not without their little value. They do not amount to much more than the fact that "Les Bleus," as the Republicans were called, used to ride about the country and take shots at any groups of people whom they came across on the roads or in the fields.

Something rather more amusing is to be found a few pages previously, where the traveller relates his visit to the famous Trappist convent at La Melleray, about thirty miles from Nantes. This chapter, too, is a fair illustration of Mr. Lowth's liberal and kindly spirit, and his love for the absurd—a love, we take it, without which one half of the pleasures of travelling must pass untasted. He was shown, as a matter of course, all over the convent, and notwithstanding the gusto with which he poked a little fun at his cicerone, and the seriousness with which he points out the defects of the monastic system in his printed narrative, we have no doubt that if by chance the silent ascetics should ever be presented with a copy of his book, they would vote him a most amiable specimen of the English heretic. Thus he records his behaviour in the refectory and the kitchen:—

An aged monk was moving quietly about arranging the plates, and when I pointed to the melon (no talking was allowed here) and to the peaches, and made signs that these were capital eating, the old man laughed, and my companion laughed, and we all three patted our waistcoats, or rather I patted mine, and the two monks very vigorously performed the same action on the parts where their waistcoats would have been had they worn such garments, and in the midst of a profound silence we were all exceedingly merry, gesticulating and grinning in a very ridiculous manner.

In the kitchen the same speechless joviality was renewed. The visitor tasted the vegetable soup in preparation, and looked unutterable things in the way of approval; whereupon, says he—

The pattings and the laughings, the gesticulations and the grimaces, of all of us four were even more ridiculous and absurd than those in the dining-hall. How we told each other, by opening our mouths wide and making pretence of swallowing huge gulps of the savoury contents, first of one copper and then of the other, how capital these contents were! How we smacked our lips, and turned up our eyes, and clasped our hands, and hugged ourselves about the waistcoat, all in the most profound silence! It was a ludicrous exhibition; but the two silent monks, grave when I went into the kitchen, gave themselves up to it with a convulsive heartiness.

Out once more in the corridor, Mr. Lowth wickedly asked whether the brethren, though forbidden to eat more than the single meal in the day, did not slyly pocket an occasional pear and crust, and eat them quietly in bed at night. The monk was highly tickled, and, says Mr. Lowth, "embraced me tenderly on the strength of it, and assured me most earnestly that it was not so." As this same embrace took place once or twice again, Mr. Lowth should have explained what was its exact nature, and whether he was merely folded in the brethren's arms, or received the genuine monastic kiss upon his cheek. In the dormitory, where speaking was forbidden, his companion put in practice the quaintest piece of casuistry we ever heard of. The two new friends leaned their heads out of a window as far as they could stretch, and then conversed in a whisper, and thus observed the rule of silence, their legs alone being in the room—both the monk and the guest enjoying the joke, as they balanced themselves on the window sill, in some peril of tumbling into the garden below.

At La Rochelle, Mr. Lowth's conversation with a Protestant pastor took a much graver turn. The pastor discoursed on the evils of mixed marriages; on the awful iniquity of Popery, "too mighty and too infamous for ridicule;" on *Essays and Reviews*, whose principles, he said, were gaining ground in the South of France, coming not from England, but from Germany; and on the folly of the French people in turning off Louis Philippe and his family. Mr. Lowth seems to have had a taste for ecclesiastics generally, and his talks with them, and with coachmen, land-

* *The Wanderer in Western France*. By George T. Lowth, Esq., illustrated by the Hon. Elliot Yorke, M.P. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1863.

lords, and chance travellers, are the most agreeable things he has to tell us. Now and then a landlady comes on the scene in the place of the landlord; and, at a certain town called Tiffauges, our author ingeniously informs us how very near he was to bestowing a kiss and a half-Napoleon on his hostess, as she stood weeping for the loss of a silver spoon and fork. Happily, at the very crisis of the sobbing, Mr. Lowth caught sight of the very dirty pocket-handkerchief with which the lady was rubbing her eyes, his sentimentality vanished on the instant, and his money remained safe in his pocket. All this is not very witty or humorous; but as the traveller relates it, it is passable reading for a summer's morning, and far more lively than disquisitions on the story of Abelard and Heloise, extracts from Froissart, and other such manufacturing devices for swelling his book to the bulk which it now presents. As we reach the last page, indeed, we cannot help wondering what can possibly induce a gentleman like Mr. Lowth, and other writers of the same calibre, to eke out their personal story with these tedious and stupid additions. Do these things pay? Is it credible that experienced London publishers will buy a dull *rechauffé* of odds and ends of well-known history for any appreciable amount of coin? Do the booksellers find that a thick octavo, one half made up of stale information, is a more profitable investment of capital than a modest duodecimo, whose contents, though of no great sterling value, are at any rate not cribbed wholesale from guide-books and historical manuals? Is the sale of these books of a season always the same—whether they are big or little, bad or good—so that the profit upon a ten or twelve shilling volume is necessarily larger than that upon a book for which the public pays only two-thirds of the sum? The offence of book-manufacture is so old, and is so incessantly denounced in public and bemoaned in private, that it seems inexplicable that it should still go on flourishing in its ever-green rankness.

Then, again, what can have been the previous reading or familiar talk of the authors of such publications themselves, when they are evidently more or less men of the world, men of good taste, and men of education? Did Mr. Lowth never groan over the platitudes and paste-and-scissor work of other book-making "wanderers"? Did he never see their books cut up in the reviews, and profoundly sympathize with the merciless reviewers? Or is it the fact that at his time of life he conceives that the Vendean war, and the battles between the French and English in the middle ages, are things unknown to his simple-minded fellow-countrymen? We suspect this last supposition is the true one, and that he is but a fresh illustration of the excessive ignorance on questions of modern history which is to be found in too many men of good position and otherwise good education in this busy, self-satisfied, and energetic country. Hard-working people take a run on the Continent, and stumble upon towns or ruins connected with notable events of the past, of which they themselves have hitherto heard little or nothing. Forthwith their interest is excited, and their sympathies are in full play; they imagine that the rest of the world are as ill-informed as themselves, and accordingly proceed to enlighten their ignorance with all the honest sincerity of a man who has made a great discovery. As to the bookselling difficulty, we must confess to finding it insoluble. The statistics, the geographical details, the dry bones of history, with which travellers load their recollections, are the most uninviting of all reading, and would seem to be the last thing in the world to help the sale of the ephemeral books of the publishing year. We can account for the sale of trashy music, silly novels, and the whole host of weekly and monthly magazines, because we know that there is an immense class of readers to whose appetite those inanities are precisely suited. But who that cares for statistics and history goes for them to a book of travels? Who would order the *Wanderer in Western France* with a view to study the chronicles of the thirteenth or fourteenth centuries, or to refresh his memory as to the atrocities of French Republicanism? Conceive the state of mind of a person who would subscribe to Mudie's, or Smith's, or the Library Company, for the sake of reading as follows, in a "wanderer's" narrative:—

The Count d'Auxerre, the Count de Joigny, the Lord de Franville, the Lord de Prie, and many other knights and squires . . . these were of France; and then there were Bertrand du Guesclin—the celebrated Du Guesclin—the Viscount de Rohan, the Lords De Cleon, Charles de Dinan, De Rieux, D'Avaugour, De Loheac, and others. These were Breton nobles. On the side of Earl Montfort were Sir John Chandos, Sir John Knolles, Sir Hugh Calverly, Sir Matthew Gournay, and other knights; . . . while on the same side were the Breton nobles, Olivier de Clisson, Eustace d'Ambroicourt, and many more.

We can assure Mr. Lowth that, admirable as was the heroism displayed by these illustrious personages, and great as they were in their day, we prefer his own small adventures to their mighty exploits, at least as he recounts them. We would rather hear how he patted his waistcoat in company with the silent Trappists, or almost kissed away the tears of the weeping Clémence, than be told how Sir John Chandos astonished the Frenchmen with his battle-axe, or how a modern writer "eloquently sums up our circumscribed knowledge of the Druids." When Mr. Lowth next takes a holiday, let him eschew everything that was ever put in print before, and whenever he imagines that he has discovered something very important to mankind let him suspect an unmistakable mare's nest. Above all, let him not announce, in showy colours and large letters on his title-page, that his book is "illustrated by the Hon. Eliot Yorke, M.P.," when

all he has got to show in the way of illustrations is the said title-page, and an extremely middling chromo-lithographic frontispiece.

ÉTUDES SUR L'IRLANDE.*

THE healthful privilege of seeing ourselves as others see us is one which the zeal of French pamphleteers brings, with tolerable frequency, within our reach. Few of the shortcomings of the British race escape the scrutinizing glance which, from the other side of the Channel, is bent upon laws, habits, and institutions sufficiently original to pique curiosity, and abounding in those anomalies and inconsistencies upon which it is the especial province of friendly criticism to expatiate. Every point at which our political or social system breaks down, is sure, at any rate, of luminous and witty exposure; and those plausible apologies which national complacency is always ready to offer for an occasional failure are tested with a severer logic than Englishmen are apt to employ when talking about themselves. It is seldom, however, that any of our foreign censors pay us the compliment of coming to the task of inquiry with as much patience, industry, and moderation as characterize the two volumes in which the Abbé Perraud has sketched the past wrongs and sufferings of the Irish nation, the calamities which from time to time have aroused the attention and sympathies of Europe, and the real or supposed grievances which still keep her population the least well-affected portion of the Empire. Ireland is, of course, a tempting theme to all who would expose Protestantism in its most intolerant and unattractive aspect; and a Catholic can hardly be expected to speak with calmness of the intolerable hardships which the English ascendancy in that island for a long time inflicted upon his co-religionists. But while the Abbé's religious prepossessions are at every step apparent, there is a moderation of language and a real desire for fairness about all his descriptions, which—rare enough in all political controversy—seem to be especially difficult of attainment when Irish interests are the topic to be discussed, and which, whenever they are to be found, constitute the best possible claim to a dispassionate and respectful hearing.

The fact is, that, until within a comparatively recent period, the relation of England and Ireland has been such as to exclude the possibility of that calm, manly, and rational discussion in which justice has a chance of a hearing, and from which alone political advancement can be hoped. Nothing but the most intrepid application of the doctrine that might is right could justify the policy which, from the conquest of the island down to the close of the last century, the English Government consistently pursued towards its nearest and most important dependency. The ruthless maxims of insolence and revenge, for which the dangers of their position offered some excuse in the case of military colonists amid a hostile and barbarous race, seemed to have become too thoroughly engrained into the national character to admit of the harmonizing influences which might naturally have been expected to come into play between two tolerably good-natured populations, thrown by the force of circumstances into the closest contact. The "Irish Enemy" who prowled without the narrow limits of the Pale, a mere brutal and vindictive savage, was hardly regarded with a keener animosity, or submitted to more humiliating degradations from his conquerors, than the Roman Catholics who all through the last century were clamouring in vain for the bare necessities of civilized existence, and whom the champions of a reformed religion were daily reminding by some fresh insult or injury of the abject servitude to which they were reduced. Each of the four periods into which the English occupation naturally falls had, as the Abbé Perraud points out, its own characteristics, and each brought its own chapter of unhappiness to be added to the dismal history of Irish wrongs. The first comprises the feeble and precarious growth of the original military settlement. The incompleteness of the conquest, and the diversion of Norman enterprise towards the Crusades, left the country unsupplied with that serviceable though rigid organization by which the invaders elsewhere atoned for the miseries of a national defeat. A handful of invaders were left to hold their own as best they might against a horde of savages, whose whole social and political creed was summed up in obedience to chieftains as brutal as themselves. Despite the occasional reinforcements which reached them from the other side of the Channel, and the nominal submission which from time to time the presence of an English Sovereign extorted from the native Princes, the interests of the colonists gradually declined, and at the reign of Henry VII. had reached their lowest point. All that the Government could do was to curb the outrageous excesses of half-independent chieftains, and to keep the diminishing occupants of the Pale from sinking, as they seemed disposed to do, to the level of the barbarism which surrounded them. Such a state of things could lead to no result except the permanent estrangement of the hostile occupants of the soil. The next period, which may be described as that of "confiscation," witnessed the establishment of a regular government, and the transference of all but an insignificant fraction of the soil from its original proprietors to the invading race. Each real or alleged attempt at insurrection afforded a fresh pretext for plunder. A great religious schism plunged the already distracted community into fresh disorders, nor was the conscience of Henry VIII. or his illustrious daughter

* *Études sur l'Irlande Contemporaine.* Par Le R. P. Adolphe Perraud. Prêtre de l'Oratoire de l'Immaculée-Conception. Paris: Douinot.

at all likely to be distressed at an opportunity of indulging at once the love of authority and the thirst for spoil. The barefaced robberies of Strafford, and the shuffling *finesse* of his royal employer, added still more to the Crown domain, and left but a limited area upon which the Cromwells might display as unscrupulous a rapacity and as merciless a spirit of retaliation as any of their predecessors; and by the time that William III. had crushed down the feeble attempt of the exiled dynasty, it was reckoned that no more than an eleventh of the soil remained to its legitimate proprietors. Spoliation had done its work, and the conquerors next addressed themselves to the congenial task of harassing the professors of an unpopular creed by a series of restrictions and disabilities more absurd, malicious, and tyrannical than perhaps were ever inflicted by a dominant faction upon an entire community. This period of penal laws lasted for nearly a century, till the contagion of French liberalism, and the straits to which the war of American Independence reduced the mother country, gave Irish patriots an opportunity of wringing a few reluctant concessions from their oppressors, and at last of establishing a short-lived legislative independence. The conjuncture which enabled Pitt to bring about the Union would have been a still more fortunate one for the world, had not the scruples of the King, and the Conservative reaction consequent upon the excesses of the French democrats, ultimately shut the door against the religious concessions by which he intended that the amalgamation of the two Governments should be accompanied. But the last sixty years have, notwithstanding intervals of bigotry on the one hand, and misery and disaffection on the other, witnessed a steady growth of liberalism, an increased sense of justice, and a general awakening of the national conscience to the disastrous consequences of systematic persecution and neglect.

The Abbé Perraud discusses with great minuteness the whole series of statutes by which the Legislature has endeavoured to readjust the relations of different classes, creeds, and interests, which six centuries of foolish or wicked government had left in distrustful and malignant antagonism. So discriminating an observer can scarcely be surprised that the efforts of a single generation should prove insufficient to cope with State maladies of many centuries' growth. But, even while declaiming against the stupid intolerance which has impeded all improvement, and more than once endangered the Union, he is constrained to admit that the English Government has addressed itself with conscientious diligence to a social problem of almost unexampled difficulty, and that several measures, of which the Encumbered Estates Act is perhaps the brightest example, may be quoted among the very happiest and most beneficial achievements of modern statesmanship. The misfortune of Ireland has been, and to a certain degree still is, that the working of the law constantly presents itself to the mind of the peasantry as practical injustice. Military plunder, legal chicanery and confiscation, a century of penal enactments, ruthless religious terrorism, a land tenure offering peculiar facilities for oppression, a hostile Church establishment, maintained as a trophy over a conquered race—such, from the outset, have been political ideas with which Irishmen have been familiarized, and which have trained them in habits of thought, if not exactly rebellious, at any rate very remote from contentment and loyalty. M. Perraud naturally devotes considerable space to the hardships of which tenants complain from their liability to removal without compensation for improvements effected during their occupation. With regard to Mr. Cardwell's Act of 1860, and the machinery thereby provided for cases of this kind, the author says that he found an unusual unanimity among all his informants, and that Whigs, Tories, priests, and lawyers, Protestant farmers in Ulster, and Roman Catholic proprietors in Connaught, conspired to prophesy that the measure would be, as indeed has proved to be the case, entirely inoperative. The great agricultural depression of the last three years, no doubt, in a large degree, accounts for its non-success; but on the other hand, most Irishmen who know the habits of the farming classes consider that its complicated arrangements, and the immediate antagonism which it tends to provoke between landlord and tenant, are enough to prevent its general adoption. Some efficacious remedy seems, however, to be imperatively needed. Such scenes as the Derryveagh evictions, in Donegal, where thirty-five tenants were turned adrift upon the non-detection of a murderer, or that of Coolaghmore, in Kilkenney, where a family which had held a farm for centuries, had brought it into good condition, and built a valuable house upon it, was evicted without any compensation—still more, the much-discussed evictions of Lord Plunkett's tenantry, popularly regarded as an act of religious oppression—sink deep into the nation's heart, leave a rankling sense of injustice, and prepare men's minds either for acts of retaliatory lawlessness, or for that systematic connivance at agrarian crimes which assumed so alarming an aspect in Tipperary a year ago. But M. Perraud, we think, takes a too sentimental view of the land question, and scarcely makes sufficient allowance for the difficulties of proprietors who, at the peril of their lives, have dared to maintain social order and carry out measures which are steadily raising the most miserable population in Europe to a decent level of prosperity. In the early portion of his work, he goes into minute calculations to prove the unfairness with which patronage is distributed, and the practical monopoly of many lucrative posts by English Protestants. The complaint is, at the present day, scarcely well-founded. Lord Carlisle's administration has, it is well known, been honourably distinguished by its

perfect freedom from sectarian bias, and the Ulster Protestants clamour angrily at the wise impartiality with which the Crown patronage has been bestowed. Such a policy is—M. Perraud may rest assured—in thorough accordance with the wishes of all but an intolerant faction of Englishmen, who are day by day less influential to impede the course of justice, good sense, and humanity. Both as Roman Catholics and Irishmen, the inhabitants of the island have now but few practical grievances of which to complain. The operation of the Encumbered Estates Court has been to throw the land sold almost exclusively into the hands of Irish proprietors; and the growing attention which every Session is devoted in the House of Commons to Irish interests is a guarantee with which rational patriots will rest content that the chapter of their country's grievances is well nigh ended, and that the last pretexts for Irish disloyalty will soon be submitted to the same emphatic condemnation as has already been pronounced by society at large upon the whole penal and intolerant system of the last century.

LIFE IN NATURE.*

"WHATEVER has the air of a paradox," says Hume, "and is contrary to the first and most unprejudiced notions of mankind, is often greedily embraced by philosophers, as showing the superiority of their science, which could discover opinions so remote from vulgar conception." We are afraid that Mr. Hinton has been seduced by this weakness in the construction of his theory. It is a first unprejudiced notion of mankind that life belongs only to organized beings, and pre-eminently to man. This notion Mr. Hinton wishes to reverse. He affirms that it is Nature which ought truly to be called living; but, owing to the deadness of man, this truth has been misconceived. Because we are blinded by this deadness, we fail to see the life which exists everywhere else; and in fact we call that deadness which is truly life. "We think the organic world—that in which we discern the marks of life—the highest part of nature; it truly is the lowest." We have been taught to think organic nature so wonderful and beautiful, because of its adaptation to ends; but this really is the sign of the Evil One. "Self-ends are evil, utterly and for ever, and in the organic world we see nature's beauty perverted to that evil." The admiration is misplaced. In admiring the order we have overlooked the aim.

Thus, there rightly arise in us the mingled feelings of delight and disgust, of admiration and of loathing, with which we look on the animal creation. Each of these feelings has its perfect justification, and its perfect place: the joy and admiration should embrace all nature; the loathing concentrate itself unchecked upon the purposes to which in the animal world nature is debased. An enemy hath done this: it is not life, this mere self-centred isolation; it is the mockery of it: an inverse, perverted life, laying its cruel bondage on our own souls too. But we hope for deliverance.

Animal existence shows us beautiful means perverted to evil ends: the glory of nature's order yoked to the base car of selfish needs and grasplings. But it is not perverted thus; unmarred it could not be. Even in mechanical adaptation the organic is the weak part of nature; not as it seems to us, the strong one. The glorious sweep of her order refuses to revolve around that miserable centre of the self; frailties, deformities, diseases bear witness to the strife, and testify the nobler sphere to which her powers are vowed.

That such views as these are "remote from vulgar conception" will not be doubted; but we may doubt whether they are philosophical. Mr. Hinton's paradox is obtained by the simple process of calling things by other than their usual names. Men have agreed to designate the group of special phenomena manifested in organic beings by the term *Life*; by this term they mark off one group from every other group in the universe. Mr. Hinton proposes to designate all the phenomena of the universe by the same term; and he thus obliterates the very use and purpose of the original designation. Let us grant that the universe lives, and seems to be dead owing to the deadness in man. This granted, we shall require a special term to replace the "*Life*" in organic beings. Let us grant that the vital phenomena manifested by organic beings are essentially of the same kind as the physical and chemical phenomena manifested elsewhere in the universe—that life is only "stored up force," and its actions are the discharges of that force—propositions which he takes great pains to illustrate. Yet we must still ask, Wherein does any group of these vital phenomena differ from the groups manifested by watches, steam-engines, and chemical decompositions, and wherein do these vital functions specially consist? To say that they belong to the general life of the universe, and are portions of the great All, is to throw no light on the matter; it is a mere truism. If men have agreed to designate them by a special term, it is because they wear a special character. If they are markedly discriminated from other phenomena, merely as phenomena, the business of philosophy is to explain in what their speciality consists. Mr. Hinton thinks that the business of philosophy is quite the reverse:—

We do not require, for organic life, to assume any new or special power; the common and all-pervading powers of nature are enough. But now a question arises: How can the living be derived from that which is not living? How can any limiting, or directing, or adapting, make life to be where life was not? This is a legitimate question. Men refuse to rest satisfied with any supposition which seems to refer life to an unliving source, or to reduce it to the play of mere mechanic forces. Often have the instincts of our nature repudiated the resolution of vital phenomena into the shifting balance of attractions, the lifeless affinities whose sweep is bounded by the chemist's crucible. And the feeling has a just foundation; organic life cannot spring merely from dead matter. But if the demand for a living source of life is just, it is to be observed that this demand can be satisfied in two ways:—Either the material world is dead and life does not spring from it;

* *Life in Nature*. By James Hinton. Smith, Elder, & Co.

or, if life springs from it, then it is not dead. If it be proved that the forces and laws of the inorganic world constitute all that is to be found of physical power or principle in organic life, then does not the conclusion follow that the apparently inorganic world is truly living too? This is no paradox. It is not even a novelty.

The proof he offers is in one sense a truism, and in another sense a mere washing out of all the marks by which language specifies observed differences. Because the action of a watch is the discharge of stored-up force, and the action of a muscle is also the discharge of stored-up force, he fixes attention on the general resemblance, and overlooks the special differences. He wishes us to extend the term "life," and to consider gravity as affording the requisite conditions for an organic relation of the masses of the universe. "A group of stars may thus be regarded as constituting a substance—why not a vital substance?" We will go further, and ask, Why not a social and political body? "We certainly know it," he says, "to be full of the intensest activities, and to be the seat especially of two counteracting forces. Why should not this substance be moulded also into truly vital forms?" Surely because the phenomena designated by the terms "life" and "vital forms" are special phenomena, and are unlike those observed in groups of stars; and to call both by the same terms is to obliterate these very differences. A fanciful theorist may see in the intense activities and the two counteracting forces of the stars, a parallel to the social, political, and commercial struggles of national life; and he may be eloquent on the Radicalism of tangents, and the Toryism of ellipses; but the world will not consent to accept this as astronomy. Nor, we fear, will the world accept this as physiology:—

Organic life, taken as a whole, presents itself to the eye of science as a vibration. It is summed up in opposite and equal processes. And this idea applies equally to the whole sphere of physical events. However varied, however vast, however minute, may be the changes which mark the course of nature, they all have this character. Nature vibrates, with perpetual plus and minus; it vibrates, and no more. What music it thus makes in the ear of Omnipotence, into what vast symphony its endless, unintermitting, infinitely-varied pulsings may be wrought, we know not. It is enough that the Great Musician knows. But this we cannot fail to note: that be it wrought into whatsoever forms, spread out over whatsoever time, equal plus and minus are—nonentity. An *o*, analyzed and spread out, and made to seem to be. This is what the physical world avows itself to the long-gazing, and at last penetrating eye of man.

Mr. Hinton tells us that he has sought only to present an outline of "certain methods of regarding the great problems of our life which seem to promise results of a different character from those which the methods hitherto in use have yielded, at least in recent times." And this is true. But the methods and results are more novel than acceptable. He is evidently a serious and a thinking man—a man of talent and ingenuity—studying science with earnestness, accepting its teachings with candour, and striving to take them up into his religious convictions. But there is an eminently unscientific tendency which carries him away. Analogy, however faint or verbal, is the siren against whose voice he should close his ears. This *πέρνα Νύμφη* persuaded him that it was a grand discovery when she told him that the condition of growth was "the line of least resistance," and then assured him that this was one and the same as the great "law of love." Such is the "spiritual fact" to which the physical law of life reduces itself:—

Interpreted into moral terms, is not the law of least resistance this, *Action determined by want; giving, called into operation by a need?* Is not this "appearance," this disguise of a material law, worthy to present to us a fact of which the verity is love? It is love that appears to us under this seeming law of force; love not less demonstrated in its nature than made manifest in its fruits.

When men satisfy themselves with such abstractions, and make "the line of least resistance" the key to unlock the universe, they find little difficulty in explaining what sorely taxes the ingenuity of others, who are tempted to reply that it is precisely the discovery of what line is the line of least resistance that they need. If we say that an organism grows only in the direction which circumstances permit—finds the outlet where the resistance is least—we do not greatly illuminate the problem of growth; nor is there any stronger light shed on it by saying that this line of least resistance is the law of love. It may be so. But Science inquires anxiously what specially are the circumstances which permit the growth in this direction, rather than in any other. It inquires which, of all possible lines, is the line of least resistance, and how it comes to be so?

In conclusion, we must say of Mr. Hinton's book that it is ingenious and interesting, but singularly unscientific. It contains clear and suggestive expositions of vital phenomena, mingled with an amount of metaphysical speculation which to certain minds will give it an extra charm, if they are not very rigorous in their demands. It attempts to show that the phenomena of life are ordinary physical phenomena, of the same nature as those manifested in machines; and this reduction of the mystery to machinery is only the introduction of it to a higher "spiritual" significance, by a process which is anything but clear, though to the author's mind it has the fullest evidence. The style may be a little too ambitious, but a very amiable and candid spirit breathes through it. Perhaps we should best describe the book by saying that it is the discourse one might expect from a physiologist who had "taken orders," and on ascending the pulpit wished to exhibit the transfiguration of science in the "higher generalities" of metaphysics. It is a book which may set readers thinking; but we cannot regard its thoughts as any contribution towards exact knowledge. In case

of a second edition, the author will do well to correct the statement at page 58, respecting the formation of chalk, where hydrogen is out of place; and also to correct the obvious misprint at page 40 respecting the decomposition of albumen. He will also do well to reinvestigate the subject of fungi in its relation to decaying trees. But we need not insist on such details. Our purpose has been to convey an idea of the theory propounded in *Life in Nature*, and to point out its want of solid basis.

GEORGE BEATTIE'S LIFE AND POEMS.*

GEORGE BEATTIE belonged to a class whose merits it has been reserved for our own generation to recognise. He was a middling poet, and he was one of those victims upon whom their slender faculty of verse has entailed a miserable fate. There are now so many poets' corners for bards of every degree to nestle in that the old landmarks which made them a peculiar people have disappeared. No longer persecuted, they have blended with the general public. They are not distinguishable by poverty, long hair, and wild eyes. The sleekest and primest of our acquaintance may be secretly addicted to the composition of tragedies and ballads. But, forty years ago, the Horatian maxim still held good, that there was no place for middling poets in the world. There must always be some danger that a youth, drunk with the wine of a false or even a real inspiration, should stagger and fall in the fierce and crowded race of society; and the last century in England was a particularly dangerous time for young men of letters. A large amount of literary activity coexisted with a narrow audience and an imperfectly developed press. Literature was stimulated without being steadily encouraged; and, besides the perils of disappointment and starvation, the unhealthy conventional principle prevailed, that the muse must monopolize the energies of her votaries, and that they must necessarily be wayward, romantic, and discontented beings. Now and again a Chatterton or a Burns perished from the radical discord between his nature and his circumstances, and these real catastrophes of genius unhappily found imitators. Beattie seems to have been one of these. His story would be a very brief one in any other hands than those of his present biographer. Born of humble parentage, towards the end of the last century, in the village of St. Cyrus, in Kincardineshire, he passed the greater part of his life as a writer or attorney in Montrose. His literary aspirations were not the direct cause of his ruin. He was prosperous in his profession, and enjoyed a local reputation as a wit and a poet. Unless it be an attack on Scott and Southey as butterflies of fashion and success, there is no trace in his writings that he longed for a wider appreciation. He did not even publish his fugitive pieces in a permanent form. The *Montrose Review* was a sufficient organ for his muse, and the applause of his own town satisfied his cravings for fame. But, unfortunately, at the age of thirty-seven, he was crossed in love. A struggle ensued between the instincts of the lawyer and of the poet. The injured swain's first idea was an action of breach of promise of marriage. But, ultimately, the poet triumphed, and he blew out his brains. Beattie's metrical remains are by no means destitute of merit, and, had his biographer confined himself to the task of their republication, there would have been nothing remarkable in the attempt to secure for the bard of Kincardineshire a humble niche in the temple of fame. But only a small part of Mr. M^r. Cyrus's labours has been devoted to the editorial function, and even in the memoir which occupies the larger half of the book, there is little of the poet's intellectual history, or of the circumstances of his literary career. It is the sensational part of the story which has strongly seized upon the imagination of the author. He has certainly a profound admiration for the poet, but his interest centres in the lover and the suicide. We are told that—

History, in her ample page, has enrolled the names of many lovers, whom poets have sung, and whose story has thrilled the hearts of the youthful and the feeling. Yet none of these records has the romantic interest, or the fascinating power and intensity of the story of George Beattie.

Preparation is made for the tragedy which is to follow by some chapters of scene-painting and prologue. The minute description of the village where Beattie was born, the school where he was educated, and the dominies by whom he was corrected, suggests the surmise that St. Cyrus witnessed the Cyropedia of at least one other person of genius. The reader, having acquired a confused idea of the topography of the district, and lost himself in speculations regarding the origin of the inhabitants, their feelings towards the people of the neighbouring counties, and the comparative melody of the dialects of Aberdeen and Kincardine, is at length introduced to the *dramatis persona*. Beattie is described as—

A gentlemanly man, not tall, round and full, wears a black surtout, ribbed pantaloons worn neat with black gaiters, and a gold chain and bunch of seals hanging from his watch. . . . The rather short, plump, rounded figure of Beattie, and the absence of prominent features and of strong lines in the face, were indications that he retained much of the spontaneous character of childhood. His love of simple pleasures and his fondness for taking birds' nests are childish points.

In the pursuit of these simple tastes and of his respectable calling, this hero of gentlemanlike but unimposing exterior had forborne

* *George Beattie, of Montrose. A Poet, Humorist, and a Man of Genius* By A. S. M^r. Cyrus, M.A. Edinburgh: William P. Nimmo. 1863.

for thirty-five years to give the slightest inkling of the volcano which slumbered in his full and rounded bosom. But at length destiny overtook him in the fascinating form of William Gibson, a person, it may not be superfluous to observe, of the female sex. The love passages between this siren and her victim are related in two memoranda left by the poet himself. These documents are a strange medley of law and sentiment. One is called "A Statement of Facts," and is illustrated by a supplement, an additional supplement, and various "copy letters," with marginal annotations, one of which begins with the words, "This is pretty knowing of Miss Gibson." The other memorandum, which is described by Mr. M. Cyrus as "perhaps the most affecting thing that ever was written in any language," is entitled "The Last." Miss G., as she is generally called by Beattie, was quite in a different style from her admirer. She was "tall, handsome, sprightly, and dashing," and, at the opening of the story, in her twenty-fourth year. A whole chapter is devoted by our author to the analysis of her character, which, in his opinion, resembled that of Richard III.; and readers are early prepared for the subtle turn which the inquiry takes, by the proposition that it was "a character which combined the opposite extremes of great natural generosity and benevolence with the most perfect selfishness." There are some indications that the heroine's engagement with Beattie was not her first *affaire de cœur*, and, in fact, that she had already been setting her cap at Mr. Smart, who afterwards had the happiness to become her husband. Beattie seems to have been kept on as a second horse. In 1821 he proposed for her hand, and at that time met with a gentle refusal. But the smart corn-factor of Montrose made no sign; and a few months' reflection decided Miss Gibson to overlook Beattie's short stature and his less genteel profession. She was of the way of thinking of her countryman who made the proverb, "A wee bush is better than nae beild." She resolved to reopen the negotiation, and she did so in a very delicate manner. Beattie's memorandum, which he sent to the lady's father, contains the following "copy-letter":—"If Mr. Beattie feels inclined to extend his evening walk, a friend will have pleasure in showing him some birds' nests in the garden of Kinnaber—Monday morning." As the babe-faced poet approached the rendezvous with his soutout and ribbed pantaloons, worn even neater than usual, he must have known that he was invited to the pursuit of higher game than the thrushes and blackbirds whose parental feelings he had outraged for so many years. This was only the first of many meetings at the same trysting-place, and vows of mutual fidelity were soon exchanged. The correspondence was conducted on the lady's part with characteristic prudence:—

Miss Gibson then mentioned where she meant to reside, what house she wished purchased or taken, &c., and asked how far my means would go in such a purchase, mentioning that she would have cash of her own very soon. I, with the utmost candour, gave a state of my finances. A condition was even made as to my going to church.

But a disastrous change was at hand. What the rivalry of Beattie had been unable to effect was brought about by the death of a West Indian uncle, and Miss Gibson's succession to a fortune. The corn-factor was brought to his senses, and Miss Gibson having taken just so much time to be off with the old love as was required for being on with the new, the poor poet received his *congé*. He took it much to heart, and, after some correspondence, at last wrote to the lady threatening to make away with himself, and, with his usual *bizarre* mixture of legal and romantic associations, requested that she should delay her marriage till sixty days after the melancholy event, in order that his will might be valid. Miss Gibson delivered up this letter to the ridicule of her friends; and disappointment, wounded vanity, and a desire to take the most signal revenge, prompted the unfortunate man to keep his word.

The cruel deceiver did not escape with impunity. We learn that "she was as much hallucinated and deceived in Mr. S. as Beattie was in her, and was sadly disappointed." She disliked her husband, and he requited her indifference with ill-treatment. Worse than all, she was pursued by the shade of Beattie, and died with his name upon her lips. Mr. Smart professed great sorrow, but he gets no credit for sincerity from our author. "Can anything," he bursts forth at last, "be more ludicrous than sensuality and jollity putting on the garb of hypocrisy? He even went to the Continent to wear away his sorrow."

This sad variation of the old old story furnishes to Mr. M. Cyrus the occasion for some appropriate and some very remarkable reflections. He is not satisfied with the vulgar aim of pointing a moral. He is resolved that the dramatic significance of the events shall be impressed upon his readers. Like Herodotus narrating the great collision between Europe and the East, Mr. M. Cyrus proceeds in the conduct of his story with a strict regard to the bearing of every part upon the catastrophe. With the same object, he presses into the service three historical parallels of unquestionable novelty—the stories of Fair Helen of Kirkcounell Lea, of "Burning Sappho" and Phæon, and of Pyramus and Thisbe. The two former histories of love are dismissed with but slight illustration, as more obvious and less instructive than the other. Only Sappho's appearance is rather fully described for no very apparent reason. She was short and dark, and, therefore, cannot have resembled Miss Gibson. Can it be because she was like Richard III.? Of Phæon we learn that "we know nothing." But the author justly considers the history of Pyramus and Thisbe as his most valuable parallel, and his critical account of it must be given in his own words:—

The story of Pyramus and Thisbe is soon told. There are two scenes. In the first, there are the adjoining cottages of their forbidding parents, and the chink in the wall through which the lovers hold converse. The second scene is by moonlight. Thisbe comes to the place of meeting, to the mulberry by the fountain beside the tomb of Ninus, is scared away by a lioness, and loses her veil among the bushes. Pyramus comes to the spot, and, supposing her to have been torn in pieces, kills himself; and Thisbe, returning in time to receive his dying look, stabs herself over his body, and they both die together. Beyond that, we know nothing except the name of the place where the scene is laid—Babylon; and perhaps the story itself, like its clothing, may be a creation of the poet.

Such extracts, however, need a word of explanation. Quotations are not likely to give the impression—which is, nevertheless, the true one—that there are elements of ingenuity and feeling in this book, although, from the entire absence of power to discriminate and exclude either nonsense or irrelevant matter, the author's merits require some patience to discover. We are also disposed to approve his choice of a subject. Beattie's story is not agreeable, but it is instructive. It is a case where misery has made folly tragical. The action of the piece, to adopt Mr. M. Cyrus's own metaphor, is mean. The actors, clever people though they were, play a sorry and ludicrous part. But the humorous aspect of the story fades before the ghastly shadow of human suffering. Want of wisdom and blindness to facts are not always fatal, but terrible examples of their tendency occur in the common sunlight of every-day existence. Here we see a man in middle life, and in the enjoyment of happiness, reputation, and superior mental gifts, throwing away these great possessions in pique, or, at least, on a shallow delusion. The conventional alliance between poetry and passion is a dangerous one for poets. The association is natural, because the feelings of poets are keen, and because the passion of love partly owes its favour and privileges to the fact that it is the most universal form of that perception and worship of the ideal, the unseen, the unselfish, of which poetry constitutes a great church and creed. Where there is worship there is devotion, and there may be martyrdom, and there will always be men who, like Beattie, claim for poets, great and small, the privilege of rushing upon their own destruction.

Of his genius and writings little need be said. By far his longest piece, *John o' Arnha*, is a very close, though a very clever imitation of Burns's *Tam o' Shanter*, and the rest of his poems all suggest the same model in a greater or less degree. They are deficient in vigour and originality, and also in lyrical art. But they display a sympathy with the world and a power of language and versification which fairly earn for their author the name of poet. The following stanzas from *The Appeal* are a good specimen of his style:—

Say, what is worse than black despair?
'Tis that sick hope too weak for flying,
That plays at fast and loose with care,
And wastes a weary life in dying.
Though promise be a welcome guest,
Yet it may be too late a comer.
'Tis but a cuckoo voice at best—
The joy of spring, scarce heard in summer.

CHAFFERS' MARKS AND MONOGRAMS ON POTTERY AND PORCELAIN.*

SUCH a book as this by Mr. Chaffers on the symbols, initials, ciphers, and the like, which enable connoisseurs to distinguish between the works of different ancient potteries and porcelain-works, has long been a desideratum among the collectors of objects of ceramic vertu. That the volume before us is a thoroughly satisfactory completion of the task is more than we can affirm. But we can warmly commend it as a very promising specimen of a first attempt, and express our hopes that another edition, whenever it is wanted, will make its appearance in a more full and improved form. We know of no one more competent to handle this particular subject than Mr. Chaffers. He is, we believe, one of the subordinate officials of the South Kensington Museum, and he is thoroughly well acquainted with the department of art entrusted to him. A man in his position, making good use of his opportunities, is likely to know more of the technical varieties of pottery and porcelain than any private collector. We should very much doubt Mr. Chaffers' qualification for writing a history of ceramic art. Some rather suspicious blunders in the quotations from foreign writers in this volume make us question the writer's fitness for dealing with the literature of his subject in its broader aspect. But for the humbler task of compiling a list of the marks and monograms which have been used by the chief ceramic artists, little more is needed than the wide experience and the scrupulous accuracy which Mr. Chaffers may fairly claim as his qualifications.

How considerable the task is, may be judged of by the fact that, besides the initials, &c. which may be represented in ordinary type, the author has been obliged to provide about a thousand wood-cuts for such marks and monograms as are otherwise incapable of being made intelligible to his readers. How to arrange so great a number of symbols for convenient reference is a very puzzling question. We are not disposed to deny that Mr. Chaffers has adopted the best course in disposing his materials according to the national varieties of ceramic ware. But an alphabetical arrangement of initials and ciphers would have been very useful,

* *Marks and Monograms on Pottery and Porcelain, with short Historical Notices of each Manufactory, and an Introductory Essay on the Vasa Fictilia of England.* By W. Chaffers, F.S.A. London: J. Davy & Sons, 1863.

had it been possible. This has not even been attempted by an index in the volume before us. The consequence is that a man, possessing a marked piece of earthenware or porcelain, and wishing to identify it, must turn over Mr. Chaffers' list, page by page, in order to find the information which he needs.

This, perhaps, is unavoidable. But our next complaint is one which may easily be remedied. The symbols, when they are copied in facsimile, ought to be explained. It is difficult enough, very often, to make out a modern signature; and a collection of autographs generally requires an interpreter. Much more is this the case with the rude flourishes of a mediæval potter. If, as we half suspect, Mr. Chaffers is sometimes unable to decipher or explain the monograms which he copies, he had better have said so. Sometimes he condescends to illustrate and interpret; but too often, in very obscure cases, like an editor of a Greek play, he will pass over the difficulty in complete silence. Take, for instance, a mark scratched in the clay under the glaze on a plateau of Henri Deux ware, which Mr. Chaffers has engraved. An expert such as he is ought to have told us what, in his judgment, the symbol represents. When he describes the English wares, the author condescends to explain that the addition of the anchor of the Chelsea works, impaling the capital script D of the Derby manufactory, denotes the union of those two famous potteries in the year 1770. Again, in his account of the Russian porcelain, he explains that an E crossed with two upright strokes stands for Catherine (Ekaterina) II.; and so also he tells us that the three parallel wavy blue lines to be found on the hard-paste porcelain of Copenhagen signify the Sound and the Great and Little Belts. These are specimens of the explanations which we too often look for in vain. Not, however, that we can always trust the experts in these matters. For instance, Orazio Fontana of Urbino (1544) has an ingenious monogram by which his majolica is distinguished. Mr. J. C. Robinson is of opinion that the letter O, found on a plate in the Louvre, and the Greek initials $\phi. \lambda$ (or $\phi. \delta$), found on some works in the Narford collection, denote the same artist. We are disposed to doubt this. At any rate we should have been told whether there was any presumptive evidence for the supposition in the similarity of drawing or design. Again, Mr. Robinson rules—arbitrarily, as it seems to us—that the letter N, found on some specimens of the Gubbio school of majolica, identifies them as the works of one Vincentio, or Maestro Centio, who, by the way, has a cipher of his own, formed by two V's. Mr. Chaffers would seem to be more right in supposing that the letter indicates Nocera, where a branch of the Gubbio manufactory seems to have been established. The revived majolica of Gubbio carried on by Messrs. Canacci, Fabbri, & Co., exhibiting colours and lustres like those of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, is distinguished by a coarse cipher which might well be mistaken by a tyro for a mark of the famous ancient Maestri. It is a great pity that this enterprising firm does not add a date to its meritorious works. How easy it is to make blunders in matters of this kind may be seen by an instance in Mr. Bohn's supplement to the priced catalogue of the Bernal sale. There are numerous works in existence inscribed with a rude monogram (resembling a P) followed by the words *In Chafaggiuolo*—meaning the place Caffaggiolo. The compiler of the sale catalogue read this as the signature of one P. Incha Agricola!

To all but fanatical connoisseurs in ceramic ware it would be uninteresting to pursue at any length the long list which Mr. Chaffers gives of mediæval marks and monograms. Occasionally, there are digressions of some interest. One of these recounts the establishment of the manufactory at Castelli, a town in the Abruzzi, the site of the ancient Atrium; where, curiously enough, the making of majolica long survived the decay of the more famous potteries of Umbria. Lord de Tabley, for instance, has a vase of majolica from these works, dated so late as 1722, the subject being Apollo and Marsyas. Some of our readers may possess, as a memento of Loreto, one of those little bowls of a rude majolica, inscribed *Con polvere di Santa Casa*, meaning that the clay of which they were made was mixed with some of the sacred dust shaken from the dress of the image of the Virgin, or the walls of that famous sanctuary. To them we commend an essay, just advertised, by an English Oratorian lately deceased, in which the defence of that most preposterous legend is undertaken against Canon Stanley's doubts!

After the *faience* of Italy Mr. Chaffers takes that of France, beginning, of course, with that Henri Deux ware of which people are almost beginning to get tired. This section ends with the names and marks of four modern majolica painters of the recent revival, all of whom affect ciphers drawn in the rudest form. Spain and Portugal, Sweden, Germany, and Belgium follow in order, leading on to Holland, in which Delft of course occupies considerable space. The marks of the Delft potters have, however, been catalogued and explained by previous writers. Coming to England, Mr. Chaffers treats of pottery and porcelain together. The name of Thomas Toft (found on a dish which is preserved in the Geological Museum, in Jernyn Street) is the earliest of the Staffordshire potters. He worked at Burslem about 1650. It is rather curious to observe, in all these English trademarks, the entire absence of art or fancy. They are almost invariably either plain stamps with the makers' names, or designs—such as that of the Davenport stone china—of hideous ugliness. There is no such bad taste, however, in any of the marks of all these centuries as in the stamps of one or two existing English firms, in which the names are written on scrolls or labels, which are shaded, buckled, and

crinkled in defiance of all true principles of decorative art. English collectors will appreciate Mr. Chaffers' sections on the wares of Derby, Chelsea, Bow, Worcester, Nantgarw, &c.; and the possessors of real old china will thank him for making so easily accessible M. Stanislas Julien's excellent lists and explanations of the marks found on Chinese porcelain.

The European porcelains are, as we said, by a somewhat unfortunate arrangement, treated separately from the several potteries. Here we have the marks of the Doccia works, still in active operation under the Marchese Ginori; with those of Capo di Monte, the Buen Retiro, Meissen (Dresden), St. Cloud, and Sèvres, besides hundreds of less celebrity. This part of the work is carefully compiled, and will be found of great value to collectors and connoisseurs. In particular, the following caution may be profitably borne in mind:—

The amateur must be upon his guard in collecting porcelain, and not place too much reliance on the marks which he may find upon the ware. When the mark is not indented on the paste, or baked with the porcelain when at its greatest heat (*au grand feu*), it gives no guarantee for its genuineness. The mark was nearly always affixed before glazing. It is necessary, in forming a correct judgment of the authenticity of a piece of valuable china, such as Sèvres, that many things be taken into consideration. First, above all, it is most important to be satisfied whether the porcelain be of hard or soft paste, and whether such description of paste were made at the particular epoch represented by the mark; then, if the decoration be in keeping with the style adopted at the time indicated; the colours, the finish, the manner of decoration, and various other *indices* must also be taken into consideration. Between thirty and forty years ago M. Brongniart injudiciously allowed all the rejected pieces of old white soft paste porcelain of Sèvres, which filled the ware-rooms of the manufactory, to be sold by auction. There were ready buyers found for the apparently useless articles; but it was known to those buyers that soft paste had this peculiarity, that it could be painted upon, and on being again placed in the kiln the colours would sink below the glaze and become hardened. Thus England and France were inundated with these inferior products in soft paste, decorated in the ancient style by modern artists, and large fortunes were amassed by the success of this fraudulent trade.

To the marks and monograms which form the larger and more important part of the book, Mr. Chaffers has prefixed an essay on the *Vasa Fictilia* of England. He calls this an introductory essay, but it has no necessary connexion with what follows it. In itself it is valuable, and, indeed, is to general readers by far the most attractive part of the book. Its first half describes the Romano-British pottery which has been found in this country; and some excellent woodcuts are given in illustration of the choicest known specimens of the ornamental red Samian ware. The second part deals with mediæval earthenware. Here, too, there are copious illustrations. But the arrangement might have been improved. The author need not have represented the period from the seventh to the fifteenth century as generally barren and ambiguous in the matter of ceramic art, had he remembered in time the results of recent discoveries in Saxon barrows. As it is, his description of the pottery of these ages is confused and out of order. We notice, in passing, his explanation of the word "scullery." It means, he tells us, "sqwelery," i.e. the place where the *esqueles* (*écuelles*), porringers, dishes, or basins, were kept and washed. The makers and sellers of these were called "Squelers," and the word is not yet extinct in our Midland counties. There is a pottery at Weymouth where several good old shapes for jugs and pots are traditionally retained. This is not noticed by our author. Mr. Chaffers has collected a good deal of curious information about English drinking-jugs. The "long beard," in particular, or "Bellarmine"—the usual beer-jug of the seventeenth century—is copiously illustrated. The biographer of the satirized cardinal records that he was "very short of stature, and hard-featured." From some grotesque resemblance to his figure, this short, narrow-necked, big-bellied jug must have got its name. The following couplet gives the proper accent and pronunciation of the word so used:—

First to breakfast, then to dine,
Is to conquer Bellarmine.

In conclusion, we may give Mr. Chaffers the credit of having compiled a useful book with much modesty and good sense, and—which is no small thing in these days—with very candid acknowledgments to the authors from whom he has borrowed.

MISTRESS AND MAID.*

TO cultivate the charities of domestic life is the object of a new book by the author of *John Halifax*. She prefaces the story of *Mistress and Maid* with the candid avowal that, although books written "with a purpose" often meet with disapproval, she has "a distinct, deliberate purpose to serve." She says:—

The relation between domestic servants and their employers is becoming such a serious question, that anything which any thoughtful woman, who has some observation and experience in the matter, can say thereupon, is possibly not unworthy a hearing; even if it only rouses wiser women to think and say something more.

Why should she say that the relation between masters and servants "is becoming" a serious question? We always imagined it was so already. The truth is, that many high qualities must be combined in the good mistress and the good maid. To fill worthily the former part in life is no ordinary merit. Wise women may think—indeed they would not justify the appellation if they did not think—on a subject most especially concerning them; but we doubt the wisdom of their writing any more on

* *Mistress and Maid*. By the Author of "John Halifax." London: Hurst & Blackett.

the question. We should be loath to set flowing the eloquence of female pen or tongue on such a fertile topic. Still, whatever the authoress of *Mistress and Maid* writes is sure to be read, and will at least possess the merit of being free from the exaggeration and paradox of more brilliant writers; and as her aim is to reach and benefit a particular class, we think she has done well to address them in a fiction, although, regarded simply as fiction, *Mistress and Maid* falls undoubtedly below the average of the writer's tales.

An intellectual appetite, pampered on dainties and spiced dishes, will find this simple fare perhaps wholesome, but not to be called precisely inviting. Yet this is in no way the fault of the subject. There need not be anything insipid in the history of a mistress and her servant—the topic does not preclude the highest romance. As it is, the book is sober; and the unreflecting, half-educated denizens of the “lower house” and cottage, who revel in fictions wildly improbable, and about people as different from themselves as possible, are not likely to be as much attracted to it as they ought. On masculine readers the authoress's modesty will not allow her to count, and we are afraid there is a foundation for the restriction to one sex. The incidents of the tale are imaginary, but the character of the servant is not, and it is the only original one in the book.

Had I (she says) told the real history of the original of Elizabeth Hand, it would have been the story of a life more beautiful in its simplicity, self-denial and self-devotion than any fiction of mine. I have felt myself justified, not only as a tribute to the memory of the dead, but as an incentive and example to the living, in thus “putting into a book,” literally and faithfully painted, the portrait of one who was, unto the end of her days, to both God and man a faithful servant.

This Elizabeth Hand has a lifelike touch about her. We feel as if we recognised and had held intercourse with the honest, upright servant, who did not combine exterior charm with interior worth. An uncompromising, sturdy truthfulness is a noble backbone for a character; and, when united to intelligence and deep affection, there are the elements of all that is most excellent in human nature. A sullen temper may disfigure, but not destroy, what is good in such a character as Elizabeth Hand. For instance, her dogged perseverance in attempting to learn to write, and her humility, are both characteristics which would prevent the “maid” from being classed amongst ordinary servants.

She is represented as a rough, mannerless girl when she first came to live with the Misses Leaf, three impoverished ladies, who kept a day-school in a little country town. The eldest is twenty years older than the youngest, Miss Hilary, and stands in the relation of a mother to her. She is a kind, gentle creature, contrasting with Selina, who has a “sharp” temper, and whose fretfulness is the greatest trial to the other two. Not all the hardships and humiliations of their changed estate were so hard to bear with as Selina's tongue. Hilary is the sunbeam of the house, with her pretty bright face and ways. Very clever and very good she is represented; and the uncouth girl Elizabeth all but worships her youngest mistress, who never punished, but patiently pointed out her faults. Before she entered their service, the ladies did not keep a servant, but did the work themselves; and Elizabeth is very much struck with the house, which, we are told, poor as it was, gave the impression of belonging to “real ladies”—ladies who thought no manner of work beneath them, and who took the greatest pains to do everything as well as possible. Respect for riches is the sign of a vulgar mind, and it is evident that Elizabeth Hand, being an uncommon servant, honoured the poor mistresses whose poverty she shared. The family remove to London, to be near the chief anxiety of their life—a weak, extravagant nephew, who soon drifts into debt and error, involving them in difficulties. Two of the Misses Leaf struggle with fortitude against poverty, whilst the third, Selina, marries a vulgar man for money. In every strait they are greatly assisted by Elizabeth, whose personal history seems almost merged in that of the mistresses with whom she identifies herself. As there are no lives without love, so there could not be a story without it, and both brave-hearted Hilary and her faithful Elizabeth have their love passages. The author of *John Halifax* has always insisted that old-maidism is a far preferable state for any woman to a loveless marriage, and the moral is certainly illustrated in the tale before us. A marriage for any other object than love is to her a crying evil; and, on the other hand, a happy union is the one supreme blessing, the consummation of all that is best in life.

The most important character in the book is Elizabeth Hand, and her love has its marked individuality. She is one of those women who may be found in all classes—born to endure rather than to enjoy—whose lot is to console rather than receive sympathy—who are not so formed to be loved as gifted with a fatal capacity for loving, and that, too, with the persistent tenderness to be expected in those who have fierce dislikes and strong fidelities. “It seemed Elizabeth's lot,” says the writer of her history, “always to have to put aside her own troubles for the trouble of somebody else,” and this is the key to her story.

The sentiments of the accomplished author of a *Woman's Thoughts about Women* are well known and are rather old-fashioned, contrasted with the advanced opinions so frequently discussed and advocated by literary ladies. Her sentiments are embodied in the following extract which we have pleasure in quoting:—

There was a strong feeling that the principal thing required of us was not rights, but duties—duties owed to ourselves, our home, our family, and friends. There was a deep conviction—now, alas! slowly disappearing—

that a woman, be she single or married, should never throw herself out of the safe circle of domestic life, till the last extremity of necessity; that it is wiser to keep, or help to keep, a home by learning how to economize income, cook dinners, make and mend clothes, and by the law that “prevention is better than cure,” study all preservative means of holding a family together, as women and women alone can—ay, far wiser than to dash into men's sphere of trades and professions, thereby in most instances fighting an unequal battle and coming out of it maimed, broken, unsexed, turned into beings that are neither men nor women, with the faults and corresponding sufferings of both and the compensations of neither.

The greatest fault in *Mistress and Maid* is that the author writes with a rather one-sided view of the subject—one-sided we mean, inasmuch that her knowledge of domestic life is confined to the experience of a small family in which, as each person is brought into daily contact, the ties are drawn closer, and there is not any insuperable difficulty in bringing a good influence to bear. Riches isolate, and it is plain that the mistress of an establishment of twenty servants cannot be familiarly acquainted with each, though, however large a household might be, the influence of a good mistress would pervade it. One of the evils of wealth is, that its attendant state shuts the possessor off from much of the kindly intercourse which it is desirable to cultivate between employers and dependents. The writer has, moreover, overlooked one important point, which prevents more than a transitory interest being taken by the mistress in her servants—that is, the restlessness, the love of change, if not of higher wages, which is universal amongst servants. A lady naturally ceases to interest herself individually in those who are not likely to remain in her service. Elizabeth, however, is not a solitary, though rare, specimen of a faithful and trusted servant. Most people have known, or can recall, instances of noble devotion in the same class. A rare and happy combination of kindness, dignity and judgment is required to be at once the mistress and the friend. In the case of Elizabeth Hand, who was in a manner educated by her young mistress, we see that she gradually imbibed higher principles, and became refined above her station; but as a general rule, it is curious to remark that contact with their superiors in birth and mode of life rarely gives more than a superficial polish of manner to servants. Underneath there is a difference of grain which no varnish can really affect. Early ideas and associations are stronger than any after influence.

In conclusion, we will observe that faults on both sides seem pretty equally balanced. We all know there are tyrannical, overbearing and exasperating masters and mistresses; but there are rapacious, insolent, and idle servants. It certainly cannot be said that a change of conduct is required on one side only, though the blame lies most heavily on the master and mistress, whose ampler knowledge and education should enable them to set the example. The sort of feudal relation which once existed between a lord and his retainers may wear to some minds a patriarchal aspect, and the disappearance of that state of things may be thought matter for regret. But, when closely examined, we doubt whether there is any cause to lament that the old order of things has passed away. We are not disposed to rate the benevolence of mediæval Barons very high, nor was servitude, we venture to assert, ever less onerous than in our own day. The vulgarities and follies of high life below stairs, when held up by our humorists, are ridiculous enough, and there can, in truth, be no more disgusting affectation than that which parodies the manners and habits of a higher class. The author of *Mistress and Maid* depreciates the picture she describes, of servant life in a large house, where they are “banded together in a community which, in spite of their personal bickerings and jealousies, ends in alliance, offensive and defensive, against the superior powers, whom they look upon as their natural enemies”—the housekeeper being the middle link between the two estates, the heads of the establishment being only regarded by the domestics as the source of their wages, in return for which their duties are to be made as light as possible. This is not exaggerated, and “this dividing of a house against itself” is a source of incalculable evil. The writer says that if what she has asserted be not true, she wishes some intelligent voice from the kitchen “would rise up and tell us what is true, and whether it be possible on either side to find means of amending what so sorely needs reformation.” If a wise reformer were to arise, we should welcome him whether he came forth from the parlour or the kitchen. Awaiting such an unexpected advent, we will apply some words of Pascal to the present occasion:—“Toutes les bonnes maximes sont dans le monde, on ne manque qu'à les appliquer.”

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We beg leave to state that it is impossible for us to return rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

NOTICE.

The publication of the “SATURDAY REVIEW” takes place on Saturday mornings, in time for the early trains, and copies may be obtained in the Country, through any News-Agent, on the day of publication.